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GERMANY'S RULING IDEA

BY T. SHARPER KNOWLSON

I

AFTER more than four years of war the German mind is still alleged to be an enigma, and when a highly-placed Teuton affirms that: 'We Germans do not think as other people think,' the enigma tends to become more insoluble than ever. It is a strange condition of affairs, for the Germans have given us unique opportunities of studying the Teutonic mind, and, moreover, Teutonism as a mode of thinking is almost an exact science. We have concluded that because they failed to understand the mind of the Allies they suffer from an incurable mental obliquity which nobody can explain. As a matter of fact their failure is easily explainable, and it is our indifference to lines of national thought that are not intuitive and practical which is responsible for the so-called enigma of the German intellect. We claim, quite truthfully, that in no country has psychology been more deeply studied than in Germany, and in no country have its practical issues been less understood. But cannot the Germans say of us that in spite of their declarations and treatises by the score we have not yet realized the Teuton will-to-power? And

the bases on which it rests? It is, for instance, foreign to British ideas to systematize life into an ordered and logical scheme; but it is the very essence of the German mind to do so. Take an illustration. Factory workers in this country deal with all their difficulties on purely economic principles. The Lancashire man does not trouble his head about history and its bearing on wages in Bolton or Blackburn; for him it is a matter of hours of labor, the masters' profits, and his own returns. To take him to a library and ask him to pore over learned volumes by professors is only to arouse his scorn: what have they to do with the present rise in food prices and the increase in taxation? Now over against this attitude, which we do not praise or condemn, is that of the German as set forth by Professor Rudolf Eucken.

The social movement emanated from England and France. Not until it came to Germany, however, was it taken up by the Social Democracy and, by a combination of Hegel's doctrines with those of a materialistic nature, formulated into a philosophic system—a system which aims to bring every department of life into accord with its views and similarly seeks

to determine the great problems of the day. Thus, for example, the meetings of the factory workers in Germany are devoted to a discussion of that portion of the philosophy of history which may be identified with the social movement. It is customary for other nations in dealing with economic questions to leave the philosophy of history out of the matter.' True, and we cannot honestly say that we regret the omission. It is like insisting that a smoker shall study the chemistry of phosphorus before he is allowed to strike a match. And, to do Eucken justice, he is not unaware either of the foolishness or the danger of this love of system. He confesses the danger freely. 'It is apt to lead to rapid generalities, the result of a one-sided view obtained through familiarity with one domain only. It shows an inclination to confine the sum total of actual experience within a narrow system; and it may easily lead to a fanaticism which understands and acknowledges only that which is arrayed beneath its flag.' Prophetic words—written long before 1914! Stendhal, many years ago, told us about the German mind. 'The less they have to say, the more they show off their great magazine of logical and metaphysical principles. Truth is not, for them, that which *is*, but that which, according to their system, *ought* to be.' Is that an unfair verdict? Let those who think so ponder what Von Bülow says in his *Imperial Germany*. 'Germany's passion for logic amounts to fanaticism, and whenever an intellectual formula or a system has been found for anything, we insist with obstinate perseverance on fitting realities into the system.' Von Hügel, who ought to know, adds a like testimony.

A true appreciation of this love of systematizing goes far to make plain some of the mysteries of German thought and action. But while it

explains a method, it says nothing about the motive forces that lie behind it. These are the vitalities to which we must turn our attention.

II

The German mind, in its origin, developments, and destiny, will always be one of the wonders of psychology. It is Judaism plus Christianity masquerading as a Political Entity. We have had God's *Chosen People* and God's *Church*—indeed, we still have them; we also have in Germany something that claims to be higher still: God's *State*. As Doctor Rump, a Berlin pastor, once said in a war sermon: 'Salvation or disaster for the world has been placed in the hands of Germany.' Professor J.P. Bang, of Copenhagen, has filled a book with similar testimonies to Germany as a divine State charged with a mission to save humanity.

No wonder the Germans hate the Jews. *Judenhetze* means jealousy. No wonder Luther raged against Rome—it was one supremacy in conflict with another in a state of *becoming*.

This belief of the Germans in their quite unapproachable superiority is the first thing to be understood by the foreigner, for it is not a Prussian monopoly: it belongs to all Germans as the result of two generations of persistent schoolmastering, policing, drilling, and supervising. How did it arise? In the same way that all traditions arise. Abraham, the strong man with imagination, dreams the dream of greatness and his descendants endeavor to realize it. They succeeded to a remarkable degree and now the Hebrew is everywhere a factor who has to be taken into account. Every Jewish boy commences life with the feeling that he is better equipped mentally than any other boy. It could not be otherwise, for is he not a member of the Chosen Race? There is little ex-

aggeration in the alleged remark of a Ghetto youth: 'Father, where do the Christians get the money we take from them?' It was a juvenile but natural deduction from the race's history with its claim to special qualities and superior abilities. Even a moderate brain with such a vital tradition as the motive force will accomplish more in some directions than greater talent without the benefit of racial impetus. It gives enthusiasm, aim, direction, focus, concentration. St. Paul was a typical Jew. 'This one thing I do.' The modern German mind has been schooled on this Hebrew model, but to disguise the imitation it was necessary to invent and enforce *Judenhetze*. There could not be room for two chosen peoples both of whom claimed Jehovah as the tribal deity. Thus it came to pass that Jehovah, for the Germans, had to give way to the 'old German God'.

Germans believe that Germany is far ahead of all other nations, therefore they are in a special sense the custodians of knowledge and greatness; from which it follows that the duty devolves upon them to convert the rest of mankind to Germanism. To shirk this duty would be disobedience to a divine command. And if the world refuses Kultur, then the world must be taught better manners by war and frightfulness. To regard all this as mere national bluff is a great mistake. *The Germans believe it*, and as every tradition of superiority is of vital value—witness the fighting power of the British navy—so in Germany the idea of racial supremacy affects the whole consciousness.

Every German student knows what is expected of him; he must live up to the national gospel and prove himself to be a worthy member of the greatest race of all time. On the body of a Prussian officer who fell in one of the earlier battles of the great war was found a diary, the last entry of which

was written just before the charge in which he took part. The entry was brief but expressive. It said: '*Now for the world-race.*' We can imagine the zest, the heroism, the abandon, and the proud consciousness with which that officer went forward to fight land, as it happened, to die. A tradition of superiority, fully alive, is a great personal asset, whether on the battlefield, in the market-place, or in the world of thought. It is an emotional conception that has ramifications in every part of the soul; it is the ambition of the individual used for the glory of the State; and the Fatherland, during the past one hundred years, has known no greater force.

Objections, of course, are as vigorous as they are numerous. One critic says: 'It is absurd to imagine that a whole nation could believe such twaddle about itself.' True, so far as any nation other than Germany is concerned, but it is just the doctrine that a German *can* believe; indeed, his mentality is of such high suggestibility that he would believe anything if you based it on a system and made it look authoritative. He does, indeed, think as no other man thinks. Moreover, he is an expert in auto-suggestion and hetero-suggestion. 'I can' is his normal mood. Outline the idea and straightway he begins to realize it. That is one reason why his sense of humor is undeveloped.* His gravity

* Take, for instance, the following quotation from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (1915): 'It is impossible to make an impression on the people of Northern France. Neither our tactfulness (!) nor the fact that we are demonstrating to Frenchmen that one of their allies is their enemy as well as ours, nor even the creation of a journal which is edited in the French language and publishes articles intended to enlighten the population, have in the least changed their attitude towards us. Moments there are when we could almost believe that under our wise, just, and kindly régime, nothing has been changed in French life. But when at noon there is music played by a German military band, not a single citizen, young or old, stops to listen. When our troops pass along the streets to the sound of music which anywhere else would awaken the souls of men, there is no awakening echo; there is silence, an indescribably saddening silence, which seems to mock our most serious efforts to make friends of these people, and accustom them gradually to the misunderstood benefits of German civilization.'

in view of the duty of converting a cynical world to Kultur, and of amassing money meanwhile, prevents those lighter moments of mirth from obtaining healthy expression.

III

But let us seek some of the deeper effects of this consciousness of race superiority. One of the first is a revival of the doctrine *that the State can do no wrong*. When Bethmann-Hollweg said it was wrong to hack a way through Belgium he was referring to the individual code of ethics; but if Germany, as a State, found it was advantageous to cut a way into France *via* Brussels, she was justified in doing so. 'Necessity knows no law.' Nothing can be wrong if it helps Germany, the nation called of God to save mankind by the imposition of Kultur. We need not boggle at this contention. All leaders of men, religious leaders especially, are sorely tempted to believe that the end justifies the means; and if Lenin and Trotzky accepted German bribes to cause the Russian Revolution they no doubt believed it was clever and good to use Imperial gold to further the interests of the workers. The Germans have been guilty of the utmost barbarity on every front of the war, but it was all done, they say, to accomplish a divine end as speedily as possible. It is useless to say that this is merely theological camouflage; it is what the leaders and the people of Germany believe. When the Emperor says in a telegram to his murdering soldiers: 'Forward with God!' he means what he says, namely, that the old German God is leading them to victory. He is not a hypocrite in the ordinary sense of the word; he might be forgiven for some things if that were all; he is obsessed with an insane notion that he and his must Germanize the world, and that it is right to slaughter all who

stand in the way. In short, he is a very crude person indeed, despite his alleged versatility. Not that he is alone in this respect. Scratch any German and immediately you come to the raw. Here are two illustrations. Professor Delbrück, who manifestly stands very high as a historical scholar had occasion to criticize the Entente's treatment of Greece. He said:

Amid all the horror and disgust with which we view the monstrous brutality which the Entente Powers, and England in particular, have employed to bring Greece under their hateful sway, we cannot but admire the phenomenal skill with which English diplomacy understands how to order all things according to its wishes, while still throwing all the odium of its acts on its victims. — *Daily Express*.

What a thing to admire! It is not true, of course, but it is essentially German in conception and it shows what kind of purpose and of skill appeals even to a learned professor. Then there is the case of Professor Wilamowitz-Möllendorf. He is probably the best-known classical scholar on the Continent — at any rate, in Germany. On October 15, 1915, he delivered an address at Berlin as *Rector Magnificus* of the University. We need not concern ourselves with the address as a whole but with that part of it that deals with foreign authors. He declared that the war would not interfere with the pleasure of knowing Montaigne, Diderot, Shaftesbury, Sterne, Corot, Rodin, Anatole France, and Thomas Hardy, but, he added: 'We will assert our German superiority in all spheres.' We do not doubt it. Germany set out to capture scholarship just as she set out to capture shipping traffic; and the bumptious Professor of Greek is only the bumptious Ballin in another form. These behaviors are the outcome of the belief in *Deutschland über Alles*. Germany must be first, because God has willed

it; and if a German does not believe in God he finds a justification in science and history which, to him, plainly declare the doctrine of Teuton supremacy. It comes out in the notion that in warfare what is right for a German is not right for his enemy; that the German airman, for instance, can drop leaflets behind the British lines, but the British airman must not drop leaflets behind the German lines, or he will be sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. There have been a score of cases like this, and the origin of them is found in the doctrine that as Germany is God's State, it has rights and privileges which must be denied to other States.

IV

It cannot be denied that when decision was made to preach Kultur to every creature, and to 'compel the nations to come in,' the results were creditable to the spirit of industry, even if they were highly discreditable in other directions. Claes in *The German Mole* has shown the ramifications of Teutonism in Belgium, but a similar book could be published about almost every country. And it is not only in regard to the capture of trade that the story could be told; there is a story for every department of knowledge. How long will it take us to get rid of the learned futilities of German philosophy and theology? We see clearly now what we but dimly perceived before, that Germany sought to lead the world's thought and give direction to its scholarship; and although originality was never a distinguishing feature of the Teutonic mind, we realize that just as it exploited Perkin's wonderful discoveries of coal-tar products, so it exploited Darwinism, obscuring, as it nearly always did, the central principles by a mass of 'learning'—pile on pile and heap on heap—what

Amiel called their 'incessant dialectical clatter.' And yet when a translation into English was made of a quite amateur performance we were led to believe that the lack of appreciation was due to our mental density! We were certainly too dense to see that in books as well as beer, in thought as well as in thimbles, the Boches were pursuing their policy of peaceful penetration. No wonder in moments of expansion they called the Britisher a fool and the American an idiot; and well may Dr. W. H. R. Rivers say that: 'The British Empire has been built up by character rather than by intelligence.'

V

In order the better to understand the modern German mind, let us sketch its history. It may be acknowledged that Germany has produced a number of names that rank high among original thinkers, but most of them belong to the old régime, before the mind of Bismarck had conceived the new order and before his hand had given a new direction to thought and action—especially action. German genius existed before Germany was Prussianized. 'Blood and iron' do not foster the creative instincts, and we have it on the authority of Prince Bülow that 'German intellect was developed in the West and South; the Princes of the West were the patrons of German culture: German intellect had already reached its zenith without the help of Prussia. German intellectual life, which the whole world has learned to admire, and which even the First Napoleon respected, is the work of the Southern and Western German domains.' Very true, and this contrast between the old culture of the German States and the new Kultur of modern Germany had its origin in a change of national consciousness; in the earlier

period men sought *Beauty* and *Truth* — in the later period they eagerly pursued material organization and the accumulation of factors of power. Life was organized from top to bottom and, as the State was preëminent, military might occupied the highest pinnacle. Education came next, then wealth; lastly, the arts, for, as Treitschke has it: 'The State is no Academy of Arts.' First things come first. The average German mind is more concerned with its list of 'Thou shalt's' and 'Thou shalt not's' than with freedom, independence, or individuality. From the cradle to the grave the Teuton lives for a great scheme; he is a screw, a nut, or a bolt in the machine of a vast State efficiency. Now efficiency is not an ideal that can be lightly esteemed; indeed, other European nations would be all the better if they were better organized. State organization avoids waste energy, thus obtaining the maximum of a nation's all-round possibilities. But it carries one severe penalty — it is the death of spontaneity, and on spontaneity depends some of those finer mental forces which are not amenable to rule and organization, however complete, and which give birth to the kind of thinking that is distinctively original. There can be little doubt that Germany has paid the penalty, for the worship of the State and the glorification of material ideals are responsible for her comparative lack of genius since the new *Kultur* came into being. It is impossible for a people to produce greatness of the highest order if the chief aims of such a people arise from an overweening confidence in themselves due to the notion that they are called of God to subdue every other nationality. When interests are so self-centred even the benefits of a perfect organization become questionable; mental creativeness is confined to the work of discovery, and the dis-

covery itself is generally something that will further the policy of the State as the supreme end of all endeavor. No patriot ever worked harder for the glory of his country than has the German; but, such was the atmosphere in which he lived, that a great work of art — a noble statue or a painting of wondrous beauty — had little value when contrasted with the distinction of inventing a new weapon of war, or of pushing out trade competitors in a new sphere of commerce.

It will be urged that Germany has saved her soul by reason of her love of *education*. This is a mistake. Germany has loved *knowledge*, and between knowledge and education there is, often enough, a vast difference. When German professors and journalists were defending themselves against their enemies they laid emphasis on their superior acquisitions as a people. Put British knowledge in one scale and German knowledge into the other — what is the result? The avoirdupois is on the Teutonic side. In the circumstances we prefer it should be so, inasmuch as a volume of knowledge that is too unwieldy to fulfill its function of refinement is alien to our susceptibilities. Moreover, this worship of Information is another cause of the German lack of originality; they are so industriously occupied in storage that the individual mind never gets its chance. To put it bluntly, the German mind has been 'organized to death.' Even Professor Ostwald says that 'had Kelvin or Leibnitz been so unfortunate as to have come into the world in Germany, and in our day, their early development would have been of no avail; they would have sat on school benches till their eighteenth year — an age at which they had gained a prominent position in science.'

And another Professor — Dr. Emil

Fischer — in lecturing before the German Emperor in 1912 on fifteen chemical discoveries of the preceding year, admitted that while one was due to America, one to France, and eight and a half to Britain, only four and a half were due to Germany. In consonance with this candid deliverance is the testimony of Sir Berkeley Moynihan as to advances in surgery. 'In capacity for original thought,' he says, 'the German mind is lacking. The brilliant or happy inspiration, the penetrating insight, the new vision, are things for which we seek almost in vain in all German scientific literature. . . . The German is not an innovator, but a renovator; not an explorer, but an exploiter; not a creator, but a collector.' If this be true, and it appears to be true, then we can only be surprised that the Teuton has so often bluffed us with his alleged attainments; and if to-day the hollowness of his claims to intellectual supremacy are beginning to be manifest, the after-war period must see a sorry slump in Teuton prestige.

VI

The cardinal error of the German psychological method lies in the attempt to isolate *will* from thought and feeling. There is no such thing as pure will. Mind can manifest itself as will, but even then it is will and thought and feeling, although not in equal degree. Boutroux is of opinion that Germany's mistake lay in abolishing feeling and in making the standards of life dependent on thought and will. True — if thought means the creation of the idea which will must realize. In any case, will is the supreme power, hence the doctrine of *Macht* and the popularity of Nietzsche among German soldiers on the one hand and the literati on the other. Any system which glorifies one mental process at the expense

of the others is not only psychologically unsound; it ends, as might be expected, in ethical conceptions and concrete deeds that merit the condemnation of the world's moral sense. For the majority of civilized peoples, following humane instincts, act on the principle that the human mind is a unity, and that the rightness of a will to do anything depends on the rightness of the feeling and the thought which have preceded it. We cannot deny that, taking into account the doctrine of Germany's call to set up a State of God to dominate the world, there is a certain logical consistency in this worship of the will; but its colossal *naïveté*, its childish ignorance, its grim humor and its sinister import for the rest of humanity, are the factors by which we must judge it.

What of a new Germany? Will not a better political ideal, a freer existence with a larger scope for personal initiative, result in a more striking intellectual life? When there is less guidance from the overlords and more opportunity for the natural self, may we not expect a revival of the older German love of beauty and truth? It would be reasonable to answer in the affirmative, for Germany has a deep intellectual life that could be potent if properly developed — not by a system, but by individual freedom. And yet there are purgings to be gone through before such a condition is possible. It may take years to change the sense of value — *e.g.*, the emphasis that is now placed on *knowing* will have to be put on *being*. The soul of man must be of greater concern than the State which exists for his benefit. When these values have been changed, we doubt not that a nobler outburst of original thought will spring up in the German States, and the chief agency will be recognized as the katharsis of the great war.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY

BY L. COPE CORNFORD

FROM any account of the United States Navy there must necessarily be omitted its numbers, distribution, position, details of size and armament: all those statistics, in fact, which before the war were accepted as the final criterion of naval strength. They must now be indicated by *x*; nevertheless, it is still possible to arrive at some idea of that which is the American Navy; even, perhaps, at a conception nearer reality than statistics convey.

The strength of a Navy is a relative quantity, to be estimated according to the work required of the Navy. Before the war, people in this country found it somewhat difficult to judge of the adequacy of the United States Navy, inasmuch as the work required of it was far from obvious. In this country, the theory was that the British Navy should be superior to the two foreign navies next in order of strength. These happened to be the Imperial German Navy and the United States Navy, both large and formidable fleets. But Mr. Asquith said that, owing to its geographical position, the United States Navy did not count, so that before the war the British Navy was superior, not to the two foreign navies next in order of strength, but to the German Navy alone. And Germany was definitely the potential enemy.

But the United States had no such definitely potential enemy, although it is extremely probable, if not certain, that German ambitions included the domination of South America, whose fulfillment would have involved a col-

lision with the United States. The United States had no quarrel in Europe, none in the East. Its colonies are few. It owns two long coast-lines, but coast-defense is not the main business of a Navy. On the whole, it seems that the United States Navy before the war was established upon a theory of general contingencies. And those persons in America who studied naval affairs must contend with a massive indifference to the Navy on the part of the population, and indifference which was impenetrable. In this country most people are ignorant of the Navy; but there is at least a naval tradition which is darkly present in their minds, and an appeal to which finds a response. In the vast inland territories of America there was no such thing.

Now the extent to which a nation cultivates the sea and the power of the sea largely depends upon the form and scope of its political institutions. When England, for instance, was ruled by, what was in fact though not in name, an autocracy of powerful families, she achieved greatness at sea. Her rulers carried into execution what they believed to be the right national policy, without much care to consult the people, who, indeed, were on the whole contented enough to acquiesce in it. But during the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the present century, as political power was spread among larger and larger numbers of people, so the ability intelligently to use it diminished; until we perceive the professional politician

practising upon the general ignorance. The system is called democracy; but in truth it is not democracy, but a stage of transition.

In America there is quite another system of governance, also called democratic. It consists in so far as possible doing without a government. The American wants to do as he likes; and it seems that he generally does it. The late Admiral Mahan inspired a sufficient number of powerful American citizens with the conviction of the necessity of possessing a powerful Navy; and a powerful Navy was created accordingly. In teaching his fellow countrymen the use of the formidable weapon of the sea, Mahan also taught the rest of the world; but that he could not help. What that distinguished historian ought to have done was to have written his works in cipher, the key to which was confided to the President and a few chosen friends. A British Admiral once said that Mahan, without meaning it, was the worst enemy of England; for in fact he taught other seafaring nations what England had known for a long time, but which England was careful not to mention. But since the United States entered the war, England may be sincerely grateful to Mahan; for he was the begetter of the modern American Navy; and the American Navy is reinforcing the British Navy in the supreme crisis of naval history.

People in this country ask, what is the American Navy like? Well, it is in fact like nothing in the world but the American Navy. As for the ships of all classes, they must necessarily be much the same as the ships of war of other nations, with the added ingenuity of the American in mechanical contrivance. In construction and arrangement the Americans, ignoring tradition as usual, devise and invent with the single idea of achieving the

required end. When they see something they have omitted, they do not, like the Englishman, explain how much better it is to do without, or that Nelson never wanted it, but they promptly adopt that thing. As, for instance, a billiard-table in a battleship.

But ships of war, strange as it may seem, are not machines which, like machines in factories, having been set going with a little attention, will perform the requisite work. Their efficacy depends wholly upon the ability of the men who use them; which statement seems obvious enough, yet it is sometimes forgotten. The standard of the British Navy is inherited from century-old tradition; and (briefly) it is inspired by the principle that to attain the perfect steadiness in action upon which victory depends, the strictest discipline is requisite. We in this country are accustomed to judge the navies of other nations by the criterion of the British tradition. Nevertheless, it would appear to the student that it is at least possible to obtain the same results by different means. And in endeavoring to appreciate the American Navy it is well to remember that men should be estimated for what they are, rather than for what they are not; and that the Americans are attaining fighting efficiency in their own way.

The acquaintance of the present writer with the United States Navy began some years before the war, with a visit to an American cruiser. As he stepped upon the quarter-deck, he perceived, reposing in an elbow-chair conveniently placed at the entrance to the starboard battery, a blue jacket, asleep. It was a domestic apparition for which many a cruise with the British Navy had left the spectator unprepared. A trifle, you say. Very likely; nevertheless, an incident which not only has never occurred, but which was (and is) inconceivable in the Brit-

ish service. A chair violating the sanctity of the quarter-deck — a blue-jacket sitting in it — and asleep — such a combination in the British Navy would be enough to break the captain, put the ship out of commission, and drive my Lords of the Admiralty to commit suicide. The next thing the present writer noticed was that when a bluejacket was summoned by the deck officer — or, as we say, the officer of the watch — the bluejacket strolled to within hearing, and no farther, received an order, turned without saluting, and went leisurely about his business. There was here no indiscipline; for, as the Apostle observes, without the law there can be no sin. Some things which the Englishman considers very important, the American thinks do not matter in the least.

The other day the present writer was waiting in the anteroom of a U.S.N. headquarters. There were also waiting several seamen and petty officers. They sat or stood in groups; they wore their caps and smoked cigarettes, conversing among themselves with perfect ease and propriety. Officers passed in and out. A British military officer, leaning against the wall, surveyed the pleasant family party as from a lone tower of observation. More bluejackets sauntered in, and two or three smiling colored men, and the room was blue with tobacco smoke. An officer, entering from an inner room, said quietly, 'Say, you fellows, don't smoke so much when there's s' many of you here.' And the men tossed their cigarettes into the fireplace, and went on with their talk. They might have been guests in an English countryhouse, and the officer their host.

The American naval officer relies upon the good will of the men, and does not exaggerate the value of forms and

ceremonies. And the American naval officer himself has very little use for convention, as such. He is before all things practical. When, for instance, he has occasion to introduce himself to the naval officer of another service, it seems to him expedient, as a preliminary to useful intercourse, that each should know the name of the other. So he says, 'How do you do? I am very pleased to meet you. My name is So-and-So.' And, when the other man happens to be a British officer, the American cannot understand why his British friend, how cordial his response soever, conceals his name like a crime, and why 'he sure will talk about everything on God's earth, but never a peep of his name.'

To the American naval officer of lesser rank the Admiral is not, as such, an object of veneration. He is an equal, entrusted by his fellows with larger powers; but, as a highbrow, rather to be pitied. Deference is a part of good manners, and the American owns a refined standard of manners; therefore he pays deference to higher authority; to whom obedience is also a part of good manners. But the rigid etiquette of the British service bewilders the American. Extremely anxious to be polite, he is sometimes at a stand to know what the English code demands. But with a creature so quick of intelligence and so sincere, there can be no misunderstanding. Free-spoken, cordial, lively, and humorous, the American naval officer is not only unafraid of facts, but he delights to confront and to deal with them. He never hides behind tradition or shirks responsibility. He tackles every difficulty with the same unconquerable gaiety. And of the difficulties which, during the war, the American naval officer has faced and overcome, the people of England know too little.

The officer of the regular United States Navy receives his first training at Annapolis; and by the time he has completed his course at sea he is an extremely competent officer. In time of peace his task is sufficiently hard; for the men are enlisted for no more than four years, or, if they are under age, up to the date of their majority; so that by the time they are made serviceable, they are due to leave the Navy, to be replaced by a new draft. A certain proportion renew their engagement; but for the most part the American Navy is necessarily a training service. When the United States entered the war, the personnel of the U.S.N. numbered about 70,000. In six months that number was doubled, and it has been rapidly increasing ever since.

Into the regular Navy poured thousands of recruits. Every ship, in addition to her proper complement, took as many 'rookies' as she could hold, at any inconvenience. The recruits were put through an intense training, particularly in gunnery, or broadside and turret training, as the Americans call it. For the first necessity was to provide gunners, called armed guards, for American armed merchant ships. The next was to train crews for the new ships of the Navy coming into commission. Therefore the officers of the regular Navy, since the entrance of the United States into the war, have been and are training new officers and new men, day in and day out, without intermission. Like the British Admiralty, the United States Naval Department has made a new Navy while fighting the war. America had the disadvantage of a smaller organization at the beginning; but she had the advantages of the British experience of the war at sea, and of freedom from the stubborn British conservatism which so dearly purchased that experience.

With an admirable chivalry and an unfeigned modesty the United States Navy, working with the British Navy, placed itself under the command of the British Admiralty. The traveler passing certain harbors sees the lattice work masts of the American battleships ranging with the huge tripods of the English ships, upon the dim green English hills and the changing English sky. In the English port towns and in London, together with the burly English seamen, are the long, slight-built, keen-faced Americans, topped with their round white cap; quiet of speech, grave of aspect, polite, and lavish with their money, which, compared with its capacity in their native land, seems to buy the earth. He will address a British officer with a startling familiarity. 'Say, cap,' he begins, but he has no idea of disrespect.

The American naval officer affirms that the British naval officer is most kind to him and does his utmost to be helpful. The British naval officer asserts that his American friend is most modest, anxious to learn what he may from the British service, and profoundly appreciative of the size and difficulty of their common task. We may leave it at that.

The association of the American and British Navies, so happily accomplished in trying to do the exact opposite, as usual, by the Boche, will win the war, and should serve in future to keep the peace of the world. There can be no League of Nations, in spite of all the superior conversation about it, in default of a common sympathy and a common aim; which, in the case of America and England, we may assume to exist now. The two nations speak (with differences) the same language, and use the same literature. It is fatally easy to indulge in what the Americans call highbrow sentiment concerning the relations between the

two countries; but the fact remains that the eminent virtue of the American consists in his disdain of the pompous and his ruthless contempt of the artificial. We shall never please America by talking eloquent nonsense. Americans pay no more attention to the politician in this country than to the politician in their own. But if the people of both nations understand the elementary fact that the true freedom of the seas can only be maintained in the future by the working together of the two great maritime nations, then there is hope.

The invention of the submarine and its use by the Boche to destroy sea-borne commerce, whatever else may be their effect upon naval warfare, have probably made it impossible that any one naval Power should control the seas. But a combination of America and England to enforce that legitimate — or non-German — freedom of the seas, upon which the security and welfare of both countries depend, would be exceedingly formidable. The United States and Great Britain, acting together, can impose such conditions upon Germany that never again will the Boche dare to wage submarine war. America, at least, has certainly not forgotten that the rulers of Germany have already threatened to enforce their own economic policy after the war by the blackmail of the submarine.

Nor, again, will America forget that it was the British Navy which made possible the transport of United States troops overseas; the soldiers who are bringing victory to the Allies, and abolishing the most formidable danger which has ever menaced the United States. It is the same British Navy in which served the ancestors of the Americans of to-day. America owns a share in the records of the British Navy, of which the American Navy is

a legitimate descendant, so that we in this country may feel a kind of pride in it. The relationship inspired an American admiral on a famous occasion to defy the rules of neutrality, and, remarking that blood was thicker than water, to clear his ship for action alongside the British ship.

That was some time ago, when a naval expedition, compared with the war of to-day, was a holiday excursion agreeably spiced by danger, and when the United States Navy went to sea as upon a yachting trip. The Americans had the right spirit; as the Spanish-American War demonstrated. But the test came when America entered a sea war of whose conditions she had little conception; and it found the Americans ready and fit to meet it. To-day American naval discipline, though it differs from the British code in detail, is actually more severe. American sea-skill and sea-courage have won the respect of the British Navy, which has so terribly done and nobly endured these four devastating years. Let it not be supposed that the United States men-of-war are not doing their full share of the sternest work that ever fell to a navy. They work with the Grand Fleet, in enterprises of which the public are necessarily kept in ignorance. They provide escorts for convoys, with a success duly appreciated by the British naval officer in command. They take part in the patrol work of the small craft.

In the United States the shipyards are turning out various classes of vessel in record time. As matters stand, the destruction of the German submarine is accomplished, not by a single sovereign device, a dream of the inventor which is likely to remain a dream, but by a combination of devices. To supply these instruments of war, America brings her vast resources and her singular ingenuity and, above all, good-

will and determination. If it is to the undying glory of the British Navy to have borne the brunt of the first three years of the Great War, it will be to

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the American and British Navies together that the final victory will enure, and the future governance of the sea belong.

SPECTATORS

BY CLARA SMITH AND T. BOSANQUET

XXV

MRS. JOHN WYCHWOOD TO MR. NICOLAS
ROMER

Station, Milmington.
Oaklands Manor,
Chardale R.S.O.
September 7, 1914.

My dear Nicolas,

You will be very much aggrieved about my telegram this morning, but truly I could n't help it, and I am as sorry as you can be to cut down my three days of your company to one. The reason for my unfortunate behavior is that Daisy retired to bed yesterday afternoon with a devastating cold, and won't be fit to control her earnest workers in the billiard-room for another day or two. They are not fit to be uncontrolled, and Betty certainly can't deal with them, so it seems rather impossible for me to desert the camp yet. But I'm sure Daisy will be all right again by Thursday, and I shall be able to come up that afternoon, and you need not begin talking matters over with Mr. Markham before Saturday, need you? I think it's very brave of you to face the prospect of teaching, for all the interesting chance it offers you of experimenting with some of your cherished views on education; but I

confess I am desolated by the thought that your usefulness is to be out of London, and I have very little hope that you won't be considered suitable.

However, in case he does disqualify you for inability to cope with Scripture and violin lessons, I'll postpone further lamentation until after your week-end, especially as I did n't begin to write you letters in the middle of the night for the sake of your own future, but for your revelations about Peter and Betty. You ought to know already that I think it quite as good a plan as you do, and that I shall be charmed if it all comes true — we have too much the same taste in people to differ on such a fundamental point. And as for your information, as far as it goes it is of much better quality than mine, though its quantity — judging from the shock its acquisition seems to have given you — is more limited. So you need n't think that I have kept anything from you but a collection of ambiguous data, quite enough to form a hypothesis on which to base experiments if I felt disposed to make them, but mere cobwebs of evidence compared with the solid facts you offer me! You really could n't have been expected to make a similar collection yourself, as you've surely

only seen Peter and Betty together once — at Kew — and, being Nicolas, would n't look at them from that particular point of view; any more than I should, unless introduced to the idea by other observers. Then I consider myself quite good at verifying or disproving their theories! You, by the way, were the first observer to rouse my attention in this case, though you don't seem to have thought it worthy of your own serious consideration! And yet you did write to me in Switzerland suggesting that Daisy would almost certainly be awake to it and I must be prepared — a suggestion which I found interesting enough to follow up.

I always do find other people's love affairs extremely interesting, but I agree with you that they are generally most unexpected and often disconcerting. Analogies drawn from my own experience break down at a very early stage, and empirical knowledge alone is a fairly unreliable guide in any department of life. I have got over the fairy-tale theory of youth that somewhere in the world is some other person — and one person only — who is meant to dovetail on to you, and that everybody else will be a more or less bad fit. It was a great relief to me when I realized that such a risky scheme had not actually been put into practice. But what I shall never get used to is the number of times a very nice person can fall in and out of love and maintain the same standard of enthusiasm about each beloved. They do it so quickly and completely, too. I don't expect love to be one of those infectious diseases which, having attacked you once, leaves you free for evermore. That would be a great waste of good experience. But I do expect it to behave with a little more dignity than an ordinary cold. Perhaps you are cured of it if you go the length of marrying the wrong person

(though not always, because Viola's case and a great many others won't conform); anyway, I don't find myself falling in love any more, except with places, and they have the advantage that you need never fall out; you can love them with all your heart and with all your soul, and they leave you free from hope and fear to make friends with the human part of the world. It's a middle-aged point of view, is n't it? And I should be very sorry if Betty shared it at her time of life, but I'm almost sure she does n't. I'm only very indirectly in her confidence, and some people would say I was n't there at all, because they don't understand the art of having a *tête-à-tête* in the presence of a considerable number of other people. But if your partner is intelligent, and the rest are all uninitiated, the method has great advantages. Daisy had a large sewing-party last Wednesday, and somebody, who is called Dick by everyone and whose surname never transpires, talked about her brother in the Flying Corps, who had only joined since the war and is already in France.

'But he'd learned to fly before, I suppose?' Daisy asked.

'Well, he had begun to learn, but he flew very badly until the war bucked him up,' she answered.

'I did n't know that any of the new soldiers, whatever they did, would go out so soon,' said Betty.

'Your best chance is to be Flying Corps,' explained Dick. 'Of course they won't have you if you weigh a great deal, but if you're fairly thin and lucky you're sure to get out before it's all over.'

'I hope,' said Betty, looking at me, 'that Mr. Dane won't go before I'm back in London. I've never known anybody who flew, and he promised to tell me what it felt like.'

'I shan't give my first real tea-party

in Westminster without you,' I assured her. And that is all the official information I have on Betty's state of mind, but you see now that, even without your illuminating letter of this morning, I am under a debt of honor to make certain that they see one another again soon. Since Rosamond has attacked you so directly and discovered that Betty's feeling are — to her and Peter — the only unknown factor, I think he had better find out about them for himself as soon as he can. I don't know that I altogether approve of his sister's unprincipled methods, but I forgive her because she is so devoted to him and determined that he shan't risk losing his happiness through leaving anything to chance. Of course it's really absurd ever to hesitate for the sake of scruples about her money or his, but I do think that, under other circumstances, they could have continued to be friends quite satisfactorily and happily for some time to come without crystallizing their feelings in this way. But, as some worker here says to me every day: 'Don't you find the war *does* make a difference, Mrs. Wychwood?' and I think there is no question but that they must 'have it out,' as Rosamond calls it.

You will no doubt be interested to hear that she gave Peter away quite as effectually to me as to you, but without gaining anything so valuable in return! I told you about the day we went to inspect Great College Street together, and then they both came back to tea with us in Chelsea, and I had entered on an earnest conversation with Rosamond about the troubles of her life as we sat by the window upstairs. So when we began to walk home I said: 'We'll let the other two lead the way,' and she said quickly: 'Oh! Do you think that a nice plan, too?'

It was n't fair, as her eyes and voice gave me proofs that I was quite glad

to possess; however, I ignored all but the face value of her words, and merely answered: 'Well, we may n't have another chance of finishing your mournful story, and I'm so much interested in it.' She was clearly a little disappointed at her failure, but she behaved very nicely and did n't try again, because she must have been certain that I had appreciated the spirit as well as the letter of her remark, and that for some reason or other I did n't want to discuss the subject. I certainly did n't because I was not prepared to share my theories as to Betty's state of mind with anyone, except perhaps you, even if they had been on much sounder foundations than they were then; and least of all with Rosamond, in case she in turn shared them with Peter. He *must* find out for himself, and his sister can conduct her investigations independently, without subsidies from me. She evidently thought you might be a more guileless confidant! And so you were, but not quite as useful, for she could n't hope that *you* would volunteer information about Betty's feelings, and she could n't in decency ask. But you see why she was so much disconcerted by your misleading opening. She knew I had guessed her meaning that day in Westminster, and it would have been the rankest betrayal if Betty really had been engaged to someone else and I had said nothing then. She thought she had at least made sure of that point.

It's so very nearly Tuesday that I'll leave all the rest of my comments until I see you on Thursday afternoon. I have a lot to say to you about Belgians too, and a wild scheme to submit to your approval. Margaret Tarrant wants me to coöperate with her in looking after 'a small family of civilized unfortunates, who are very extra unhappy at the miseries of being officially cared for.' I don't quite

know how many there are in the family, and my plan would depend on that — perhaps if I were wholly virtuous and patriotic it need n't, though I believe Belgians would be much more difficult to amuse in the country than in London. Anyway, I'll tell you about it when I know what 'small' means. I'm glad Rosamond is getting practice, as I propose to make her the instrument of Providence.

Do you realize that those miserable Crasques have already come? They missed a train and arrived to-night much too late for dinner, and I had to be polite to them, Daisy being in bed, and say how nice it was that they had just caught the last possibility of a connection and not been stranded at an inn. Of course we had expected to have to entertain them throughout dinner and a whole evening, and so had specially imported the Vicar and his wife to help. They were a great help, too, because he took Mr. Craske's hand in a friendly grip and said cheerfully: 'Well, what do you represent? We've had the guardians of sea and land here this afternoon. Do you defend the sky for us?' Such a course would n't have been open to either Betty or me, but it was very good for that young man that someone should be able to take it. We remained politely attentive, and Georgina, like a kind sister, said he was thinking about the A.S.C. If I were as kind a friend I should advise him to clear up his thoughts before Daisy returns to active service among us. He's not a prepossessing person, is he? And much too large for the sky — that would have been obvious even to the Vicar if he had n't been so intent on his telling phrase. Before I had decided for or against the giving him a little gentle advice on my own part, Georgina took possession of the conversation by pointedly turning to

Betty and saying: 'It makes such a difference, child, to find you really are here. We should have been bitterly disappointed, Oswald especially, if we had missed you.' Betty murmured something nervous and polite; Mr. Craske plunged into disorganized train services with the Vicar, and Mrs. Rivers looked at Betty, and then at 'Oswald,' and then smiled at me with such understanding sympathy that I almost said aloud: 'Oh no! You're hopelessly wrong.' I looked extremely unintelligent, and began to talk about knitting, but I see on reflection that I might have dealt better with the situation if I had given her an opening. I could have got some leading question out of her, and could have said quite candidly that Georgina's manners were atrocious and there was nothing in it; and I'm not sure that I should n't have suggested — very indefinitely — that Betty was at least half engaged to someone else. However, I neglected my chance, and I suppose she has gone home to tell her daughter that there is an 'understanding' between dear Betty and Mr. Craske.

I don't know that it really matters if she does, except that it's such a deplorable reflection on Betty's taste! But what is now waking in my mind is a horrid fear that 'Oswald especially' would have been genuinely disappointed if Betty had not been here. I was very cross in any case, because Georgina's manners really seemed too clumsy — they never have been subtle, but I did think their technique was good enough to save her from such a gaucherie. If what she said was strictly true and not merely a mistaken attempt at expressing friendliness, it makes both her manners and the situation distinctly worse. It's not that I think there is the faintest chance of Betty's falling in love with him. It's clearly impossible, even if

there were no question of Peter. She is like butterflies and opals and all vivid, changing things, whereas 'Oswald' reminds me strongly of a cold suet-pudding. But it's very disillusioning to be made love to first by the wrong person — all the more so when he does it as badly as Mr. Craske would — and I want Betty to begin with a fairy-tale before she realizes that love is also the heritage of the undesired, and they won't let you ignore that fact.

I expect you will think that living in the quiet country is demoralizing my imagination, and that any sensible person would see at once that Mr. Craske will finally marry someone as effective as Mrs. Puckle, just as he would fill his house with Leaders and Crown Derby, and have no use for silver-points and blown glass. But, all the same, I begin to think I should like Peter and Betty to be definitely and publicly engaged very soon, and if the Craskes are going to stay here long they must justify their existences by helping Daisy, and Betty can come up to London again to help me until they have safely departed. They will be away for next week-end, seeing some unfortunate relations, which is great luck, but they will come back here again afterwards. Why does Daisy have them in her house so often, unless indeed she is fired by the missionary spirit?

Yours ever,

Nanda.

XXVI

MR. NICOLAS ROMER TO MRS. JOHN
WYCHWOOD

Station, Milmington.
Oaklands Manor,
Chardale R.S.O.
September 17, 1914.

My dear Nanda,

I wonder if you realized, when we arranged that I should come here,
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what an inadequate substitute you were putting in your place? If I'd known myself how bad I should be, I should have insisted on your coming down again in spite of Belgian settlements. But though I did n't expect to be able to deal with the complications that the Craskes introduce into existence nearly as effectively as you, I did n't foresee how completely Georgina and her brother would outmanoeuvre me at every turn. Against two full-grown Craskes, such an ineffectual kind of one as myself does n't stand a sporting chance, though perhaps the odds would n't be quite so heavy against me if I'd been brought up to be Daisy's idea of a Jesuit. Indirect methods of approach are so energetically discouraged in English public schools. I have n't heard where Craske was educated, but he's much more spontaneously circuitous, and his sister never makes straight for anything she has genuinely set her heart on.

Perhaps, now that I've confessed to being so little use here, you won't so much mind being told that I can't stay to see the Craskes off the premises after all, but shall have to leave them and Betty (since I understand that Daisy considers her too necessary here to be ready to spare her to your appeals yet) on Saturday, in deference to Markham's urgent request. He did n't seem to have the least use for my tutorial services when I saw him, as he assured me he was being assailed by offers from several different men who could do all the teaching he wanted, and were n't beyond helping with the games as well. So we parted on the understanding that he was to let me know later on if his staff were more seriously depleted of its able-bodied members. And now a letter has come from him, apologizing through three close-packed sheets for the trouble he is giving, but making it unmistakably

clear that he considers himself quite justified in expecting me to go and be a temporary stopgap at his wretched school from next Monday for a fortnight or three weeks. And wartime or not, there is n't a train that stops within twenty miles of his desolate village on a Sunday, so you see I shall be obliged to go the day after tomorrow. I can't tell you why his more athletic possibilities are n't supporting him up to time. He was mysterious and portentous about them, but not comprehensible. All he really committed himself to was the statement that 'circumstances have arisen which make it convenient, in fact positively necessary, for me to call more immediately upon your generous offer of assistance than I at all contemplated when we discussed the matter.'

That intimation arrived yesterday, and I spent a perplexed hour trying to think out the problem of Peter and Betty in the light of this disarrangement. My idea had been that if Daisy did n't rise to your suggestion of her letting Betty go up to help you with your refugees in London, we would wait till the Craskes had gone (I've discovered that they really do mean to go finally on Monday), and that after that most desirable event, Peter should come down to this neighborhood for a day or two in order to make Daisy's acquaintance. Since he has got his commission all right, he is surely certain of some measure of her approval! I believe, in fact, that he is certain of a good deal if only she does n't start with a prejudice against him; and, as you know, I entirely agree with your view that Daisy ought to know him a little before he speaks to Betty. The outraged state of her feelings if her niece and god-daughter became engaged to a strange suitor without her having had any notice of the possibility beforehand, would

be unparalleled by any previous experience we've had of them.

I don't know if you'll think I was right, but, after a most painful amount of indecision, I made up my mind to take the risk of the Craskes making mischief, and asked Peter to come down to-day. And I've had a wire from him to say that he has got twenty-four hours' leave, and hopes to be here soon after four o'clock. I've taken a room for him at the Chardale Arms. No doubt Daisy would have put up a friend who came down to see me, if she had been asked, but I did n't want to enter into the explanations about his identity which that would have involved. I particularly did n't want the Craskes to have time to prepare a campaign against him beforehand; so his visit will be as much of a surprise to them as to Betty. And I daresay you'll think it ought n't to be a surprise to her at all, but if you could see Georgina's pale, vigilant eyes keeping her under close observation all day long you would feel, I'm sure, that she can't have a too innocently unburdened mind!

Meanwhile I've tried to keep an equally vigilant eye on Oswald. But that is n't easy, for in spite of the recent attack of appendicitis, which has wrecked his chances of getting into the army at present (it *may* be true, of course!), he seems to be capable of taking much more exercise than his general pallid puffiness leads me to suppose to be at all usual for him. As for Georgina, I'm pretty sure that she is applauding herself in the rôle of Medea, lulling the Daisy-dragon to sleep, while her heroic brother snatches away the coveted golden prize of Betty and her (prospective) fortune. I sometimes hope she may be made uneasy by my own frequent *tête-à-tête* opportunities with Daisy; but she certainly need n't. She has woven her spell art-

fully enough not only to implant a genuine admiration for herself in Daisy's ample bosom, but also to convince her that 'poor Oswald is so sensitive, and is positively heartbroken because he can't respond to his country's call immediately.' I tried to warn Daisy — or perhaps it was only to sound her — yesterday afternoon about the kind of interest Betty appears to have inspired in him. But she was quite lulled and placid; Medea had done her work thoroughly. 'Oh no, Nicolas, I assure you that is impossible. His sister has confided his story to me. He has waited for years — it is really most romantic.'

'Still, romances don't always last forever, and Betty is extremely attractive,' I allowed myself to say.

Daisy would n't hear of it; but I hope the seed may sprout a little in her imagination, which is, after all, good enough soil for such germs usually, though in this case Georgina's carefully applied confidences may well have stiffened it to unreceptive stoniness. You may wonder how it is that Miss Craske has allowed me to be alone with Daisy so much, and indeed I might find it quite humiliating — as indicating that she does n't even think me worth the trouble of circumventing — if I did n't imagine that her tactics are a good deal hampered by her inability to leave the carrying out of her plans to her ally. She can't bear not being on the spot to direct operations in person, and until this afternoon she has n't made any attempt to send her brother and Betty out together without her attendance. Betty falls in politely: I'm sure her sensitive conscience must convict her of inward lack of response to Georgina's embarrassingly obvious affection; and that guilty feeling, combined with her general desire to be 'nice' to people, forces her to comply with every demand on

her time made by the appearances of friendship. So during the last two days Betty and the Crasques have gone out walking, during the afternoon remission of war-work activities, while Daisy has driven me for airings in the car — making it clear that she would n't be taking the gardener's boy from his horticultural duties if it were n't for my worthless sake.

This afternoon, however, I could n't offer to be Daisy's companion because I very much want to talk to Peter for a little before the others come in. So here I am, sitting at the writing-table in the library window (the workers have been cleared out into some kind of barn) waiting for him to arrive. The afternoon dispositions were left entirely in Miss Craske's hands by my defection, and I heard her offering to go to Chardale Court with Daisy, after the whole party had inspected a cottage where she might like to live during the winter. Betty, I understood, was to take the young man round by the obelisk on the down, and bring him back in time for tea. I detested the programme, but could n't prevent its being adopted. Betty made an effort to rearrange the partners, but without any success. I'm sure she does n't like Craske a bit, and I don't wonder that she does n't. He is really insufferable, and I find his back view even worse than his smooth, inexpressive face. There's something about the way his neck begins to take a curve out towards his shoulders before it fits into its large, encircling collar, that I find really revolting! But he is distinctly a personality to be reckoned with, just as much as his sister, and I believe Betty is nervous about him. He has the great advantage, too, from his point of view, of not minding being disliked. That gives him a kind of strength which is incomprehensible to me. I really believe he finds it nothing

more than a stimulating additional incentive to have to overcome aversion on Betty's part.

Flecker has just been in to tell me that Miss Romer and Mr. Dane are looking for me! I don't understand how Peter has arrived without my

having seen him coming across the park, nor what Betty is doing back so early, and, according to Flecker, without Craske. But I'll keep this letter open till to-morrow and will explain the apparent mystery when I have a chance.

(To be continued)

JOYS OF WAR

BY EDMOND CAZAL

I. THE GERANIUM UNDER FIRE

AFTER marching three quarters of an hour through a devastated region, we came to a village upon which German shells were falling. A few old men, women, and children who had been spared by the occupying forces, were fleeing in confusion. They hastened toward us, and we had to draw up along the edge of the shell-torn road to make room for the little carts filled with poor household utensils and drawn by wretched tired-out women.

Suddenly the downpour of shells ceased above the ruined village, where some houses were still burning, and began to fall on a field five metres off, on the left, from which a battery of 'seventy-fives' galloped away.

Our orders obliged us go around the village and take up our position under cover of a high embankment two kilometres in advance; but we were not to expose ourselves unless compelled to. Having halted a moment, we resumed our march as soon as it was quite certain that the enemy artillery had another objective than our detachment.

And so we plodded along amid the smoking ruins, from which flames still rose with now and then a loud crackling roar. But suddenly, my whole section broke ranks, arrested by an unexpected sight: it was a fragment of shattered wall, and on the window-sill, unharmed, stood a small flower-pot containing a superb red geranium. Not a splinter had touched it, not a speck of dust had marred its leaves or petals. I put out my hand to pluck the miraculously preserved flower — but, no! The geranium was respected by us as it had been by the shells; we left it there, in its brilliant bloom, a symbol of unconquered life in the midst of a veritable chaos of destruction.

As we resumed our march, my mind dwelt upon all the flowers of the days of peace; those which one plucks in the country, still glistening with the dews of night, or quivering under the burning sun, and of which one makes unsymmetrical but charming nosegays; those which one admires and smells in carefully tended gardens, and which defend themselves from familiarity with the insolence of a great lady; those which one selects and buys a bit fever-

ishly, to lay, with one's heart, at the feet of one's beloved; those which one sees blooming in vases on the table in the study or salon, or on the bedroom mantelpiece; those, lastly, which one receives from a hand as delicate and sweet-smelling as themselves and watches as they fade through long evenings of solitary reverie.

The endless charm, the diverse fascinations, the manifold odors of all those flowers of my childhood and youth and young manhood penetrated my inmost being and took possession of me; my heart and my mind evoked distinctly the days and hours which they filled with enchantment. And for a few moments of rapturous enjoyment, the swift vision of a humble geranium spared by the shells made me forget the war, its ravages, and its horrors.

II. THE TABLE

A man appeared and interrupted my reverie and the scribbling in my notebook. He saluted me with the respectful familiarity characteristic of the French soldier's campaign salute, and said with a smile:

'Dinner's ready.'

I hesitated. To lose a single moment of the gorgeous yet tragic spectacle afforded by the sun and the flashes of the guns seemed sacrilegious. I would keep my seat until everything was shrouded in darkness and the cannon no longer roared. To meditate and to record one's meditations in the very midst of a beautiful sunset and a dying battle — what a priceless opportunity! So I did not go in to dine, as usual, with the two sergeants and the corporals of my section, but said:

'Bring me a bowl and some bread and whatever there is. I'll dine here.'

I dined. I ate, with the assistance of an iron fork and spoon, the rice and

bits of meat swimming in a highly-spiced soup. I drank from my canteen a bumper of pure water, and now I am smoking my pipe. I gaze at the empty bowl, and smack my lips with keen pleasure, over my very recent gastronomic enjoyment, by way of dessert.

Last week I was sent to Besançon on a special mission. My stay in that picturesque old town was of twelve hours' duration; and two of the twelve I spent in enjoying with incredible ardor, the pleasures of the table.

To have swallowed, for whole weeks, nothing but undesirable messes served in hastily washed bowls; to have had for table a tree-trunk, a scorched stone from a demolished wall, the elbow-rests of a trench, or just my knees, with a fair prospect of being interrupted by an alarm or the fall of a shrieking, shattering shell — and suddenly, after passing hours in a train filled with wounded and supplies, to realize that I am seated on the soft divan of a luxurious restaurant; to lay my hands, at last, on a fine white tablecloth; to feast my eyes upon the sparkling brightness of the glasses, and the milky whiteness of the porcelain, and delight my ear with the jingling of the silver; and then to enjoy in silence the dishes chosen without haste from the menu: Marennes oysters, scrambled eggs with tomatoes, salmon trout, kidneys *en brochette*, Roquefort cheese, Muscat grapes, and preserved pears — and, last of all, the cigar, the long Havana, light in color, dry, and perfumed, while the last glass of a bottle of Moët and Chandon sparkles in the sunlight!

I thought that I knew all that there is to know of the pleasures of the table — presumptuous before-the-war gourmet that I was! I really knew the pleasures of the table for the first time in my life on the six hundred and fifty-sixth day after mobilization, when an

unexpected mission sent me away for a few hours from battlefields, trenches, marches, and cantonments, where one is perforce content to be fed.

III. SACRIFICE AND DEATH

I was on my way from Fraize to La Croix-aux-Mines with a patrol of a few men. I had made the trip several times within a fortnight. At first the road ascends above Fraize, then plunges into a fir wood which crowns the hill-top, and so descends into a picturesque valley, following the valley bottom now between open fields and again between black clumps of fir. On the ascent occasional shell-holes at wide intervals and two or three half-ruined houses are the only signs of the past week's battles. But as soon as one comes out on the other slope of the hill, one treads upon ground which has been the scene of violent fighting. Burned farmhouses; trees stripped of their branches, felled by the axes of the engineers, or shattered by the shock and explosion of shells; enormous holes surrounded by a circle of earth; roadside ditches transformed into trenches; innumerable round meat-tins; *débris* of weapons and equipment — here a *képi*, there an Alpine chasseur's cap, farther along a gray helmet with red band, or a pointed helmet; and lastly, alas, too frequently, yellowing mounds surmounted by crosses fashioned of boards nailed together, or of branches bound with wisps of grass, and with caps laid on the top: vestiges of battle, confusion, blood, heroism, suffering, and death.

We were marching quietly along. Shells were falling at long intervals, and in small numbers, in the woods bordering the road and on the road itself, which descends quite steeply and with many windings. As we were making a short halt, we spied a military cyclist, an artillerist, riding down

the hill. We watched him as he came on at full speed.

Suddenly there was a great uproar in the air, and a shell fell with a rending metallic crash. When the smoke had blown away we saw the cyclist on the ground.

We ran to him. His face was streaming with blood; the left cheek and ear were flayed, and probably the eye was destroyed. That whole side of his head was simply one red wound. We tried to help him; but wiping away with the back of his hand the blood that was flowing into his mouth, he demanded in a hoarse imperious voice:

'My cycle? where's my cycle?'

The machine lay on the ground a few feet away. Some one picked it up; it was intact; and one of our men said, with a smile:

'The cycle's all right.'

'Good!' said the man, grasping the handle-bar. 'I have an order to carry. You understand?'

'You can't go on!' I exclaimed. 'I will send somebody. You can't see. Your left eye may be gone!'

'Perhaps so,' said the man; '*but the other's all right!*'

He leaped on his machine, his shoulder red with blood, rode away, and disappeared around a turn in the steep road.

There was true heroism. That soldier was apparently a peasant. He made no 'clever remark' for History to record. He simply stated, without even the faintest suspicion of the sublimity of what he said, that one eye is enough to see where one is going when one has orders to carry somewhere; and in order to do faithfully what he was told to do, he deliberately sacrificed his left eye as he would have sacrificed his life.

Sacrifice! it is this idea of sacrifice which lies at the root of all heroism, of the touching conduct of the tens and

tens of thousands of Frenchmen who have died on the battlefield and in ambulances and hospitals.

Go outside of the army, and you have the heroism of hundreds of citizens, priests, town officers, doctors, old men and young of many professions; doing their duty in their everyday coats, as others are doing theirs in uniform, they have offered their all by way of sacrifice; and in many cases the sacrifice has been accepted, for they are sick, wounded, or dead.

And think of the noble-hearted mothers who have resigned themselves to the slaughter of their husbands or their sons; of the women of all religious faiths, who, not content with that measure of sacrifice, have become veritable 'sisters of charity'; and of those who already were such by profession and who have redoubled their self-abnegation and courage! And reckon up the enormous sum-total of sacrifice represented by the life and death of men in war time.

Mercuré de France

Sometimes harsh and irritating, sometimes mild and soothing, the joy of sacrifice is so intense that it reduces the pain to naught. It is difficult of analysis; it has an infinite diversity of forms, for it runs all the way from simple gratification to ecstasy. While the joy of sacrifice is often ecstatic, the joy of death is always so. To understand it, one must have seen the faces of the men who rushed out to meet death, and, suddenly transfixed, awaited it and received it. Recall the marble features of soldiers who fell in the rush to battle, in the excitement of the assault! the eyes still staring wide in wonder at unspeakable and sublime visions, the features strained but not disfigured, the stupefying expression of formidable joy with which all those features are still quick — in them you have the image of the man who, in dying a death nobly accepted, understood, and welcomed, has known the pleasure of dying together with the pleasure of self-sacrifice.

CIVILIZATION

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE child who has scratched himself with his plaything throws it away in a pet, and there are some people to-day who would treat civilization in the same way. Children of a larger growth, often the most attractive kind of people, they live in an imaginative world of their own into which they have only admitted the facts that please them, and they have made civilization their plaything. But suddenly the facts they have excluded from their world have insisted upon obtruding themselves; the child has been scratched by his plaything, the blood is only too plain to see; he tramples in a rage on the doll he had cherished and sulks in the corner; like the hero of the little sketch by 'Denis Thévenin' (the name which is a transparent disguise for the sensitive poet and doctor Georges Duhamel) he hates his century and he hates Europe and he hates the world; he threatens to go up into a high mountain alone where he can see no more of mankind.

Yet we must speak with precaution. It is not possible to assume any airs of superiority when we contemplate those who thus treat civilization as a plaything, for we are all children alike and all make our ideals our playthings. What, after all, is civilization? Simply what we like to make of it. Edward Carpenter in *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure* described it some thirty years ago as 'a kind of disease which the various races of man have to pass through,' though, he added, they usually die with it; he identified it with class hierarchy on a property

basis, to be dated back only about a thousand years, so far as England is concerned, and he regarded a civilized state as another term for a 'police-manized' state. More recently, 'Denis Thévenin's' mouthpiece described it as 'a choir of harmonious voices singing a hymn, a statue of marble on an arid hill, a man who would say: "Love one another."' Attractive playthings, each of these definitions, however widely unlike; you may choose which you will, either of them may be worth while. Nor can it be said that those serious persons who have solemnly undertaken to instruct us in detail concerning the meaning and history of civilization have removed us into any less capricious atmosphere. Buckle, who wrote so extensive an introduction to its history, was content, quite incidentally, to define it as 'the results of the progress of knowledge,' and Guizot, in his famous lectures, throwing aside so narrowly intellectual a conception, boldly stated the broad proposition that civilization consists of 'two principal facts: the development of human society and the development of man himself.' There surely should be a playground large enough for anyone. Too large, the writer of the article on *Civilization* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* seems to think, and in the course of his methodical exposition he first refrains from defining what it is that he is writing about, and then falls back on the humble notion that civilization is 'the desire for a larger and larger modicum of average individual

comfort.' When we go back to the origin of the word we are not greatly helped, for originally, in sixteenth century French, to 'civilize' simply meant to make a criminal matter a civil cause, whence it came to mean 'make civil' in other than legal senses. Thus the word 'civilization' in its early and French stage really had that suggestion of a 'policemanized' state which Edward Carpenter finds so distinctive. That probably may have influenced Dr. Johnson when, as Boswell tells us, he proposed to omit 'civilization' from his *Dictionary* and only to admit 'civility.' It might have been better; we should indeed have lost a verbal peg which the human imagination has found so convenient whereon to hang its confessions, but it would have been clearer that what we are concerned with is the development of the refinements proceeding from the close contact of human beings in large groups, an extended kind of 'urbanity,' or, as Matthew Arnold defined it, 'the humanization of man in society.' That is a fairly safe definition, while yet remaining extremely vague. It helps us to see our way towards the right relationship of 'civilization' to 'culture.' 'Culture,' indeed, as the German scholars who have most diligently explored it are ready to admit, also remains without a satisfactory definition, but, in the serious sense, it is no longer to be identified with 'cultshaw,' and is tending to be used in a wider and even biological sense. It may cover the whole productive activity, physical and psychic, of a human group, without regard to its quality, just as we speak of bacterial cultures. 'Civilization' would remain the name for the spiritual growth, the 'humanization,' of mankind generally.

Yet, obviously, that fails to carry us far. It leaves altogether in doubt

the nature, good or bad, of the special quality of 'humaneness.' It furnishes a convenient frame, it formulates the outline, but the human imagination must still be left to supply the contents. We must each determine for himself what 'humaneness' means, accordingly as we regard man as angel or devil or a subtle mixture of both. So that the spirit of man is still able to cherish an infinitely varied assortment of rag-dolls, all called 'civilization,' some made to be adored, and some to be kicked, and some to be subjected to both treatments in turn.

Such considerations are the necessary preliminary to any discussion of civilization which seeks to avoid the sphere of mere caprice. If we enter a playground, or even a nursery, let us at least realize where we are. But there is a further consideration, perhaps less widely realized, which the recent devastation among our idols — or our dolls — has shown the danger of neglecting.

Until about a century ago it was commonly believed that the world was created *circa* B.C. 4004. That date may have seemed a little arbitrary to some, but there were no established facts which made it other than plausible. Civilization was assumed to begin almost immediately after the creation of the world. So that at a time, six thousand years ago, when, as we now know, mighty civilizations had slowly risen and fallen, at a time when men had long been the equals of ourselves in brain development, there was, according to the theory we have just cast away, no world at all. When we consider the absurd contrast between the actual period of millions of years during which Nature or God was occupied in making man — to say nothing of the inconceivably longer period occupied in moulding the world — with the

idea of man's recent origin which that same Divine Being inspired to man's reason, we feel that we are outside the sphere of sober fact to be contemplated seriously, we are elevated into the region of joke. The fairy-tales told to children concerning their origin are by comparison rational.

The point is, that while during the last century the curtain concealing our origin — on which we had scrawled B.C. 4004 — has been drawn aside and revealed a practically endless succession of vast and fascinating events, we have scarcely yet even begun to realize the implications of this long descent. We still retain the feeling that civilization began yesterday. Our plaything seems to us but a fragile toy. It is an ancient observation concerning the man who suffered from the delusion that he was an earthen pot and entreated his friends to place him on a high shelf where he would not be broken. It is the delusion many of us still cherish about civilization. We have scarcely yet begun to see that civilizations are more solid products than we had supposed, and that even their destruction is of little moment. It has happened so often. Man has again and again shattered to bits the civilization he had made, but he has always remoulded it afresh, differently if not more beautifully, at all events nearer to the heart's desire.

When it was once suggested to James Hinton that the time would come, owing to the enhaustion of the possible number of combinations of sounds, when music would end, he replied that the man would then arise, so moved by a new spirit, that he would exclaim: 'There has yet been no *music*!' That has, again and again, been the proclamation of man in regard to civilization. After long generations had slowly elaborated their rough tools the Mousterian and

his successor, the Aurignacian man, came to maturity in France, not only with brilliant new mechanical principles, but with a new desire, in which Art was born, to perpetuate in carving the images of the things he had known in life, and with a supreme discovery, sometimes so tragic in its results for after-ages, that the soul is immortal and the dead body a thing to be ceremoniously buried. Then the Solutrian man arrived, concentrating his attention on the acquirement of manipulative skill and carrying the fabrication of the implements of work to a point of exquisite skill and efficiency never again attained until vast periods of time had elapsed. For the Magdalenian man who followed him, filled with new ideals and a new delicacy and ingenuity in carrying them out, disdained mere utilitarian accomplishments while yet making all sorts of brilliant discoveries in the art of living; he was enamored of art, and in his long winter days in his cavernous palaces, by the light of the smokeless lamps he had devised, he painted the frescoes and carved the ivory that still survive to arouse our admiration of their expressive economy of significant line. That civilization melted away in the perpetual rains of a new climatic period, but then another civilization appeared, that of the Azilian Age, having a more favorable home in the Pyrenees, where the Azilian men found a sort of Ararat on which to establish themselves amid the waste of waters, when the old Magdalenian civilization and all its arts had disappeared together with the reindeer. There they found, in a climate at last resembling our own, the elements of a new civilization which in course of time developed into that of the great Neolithic Age, the basis of our own civilization to-day. Yet, according to our own familiar

belief of yesterday, darkness was still upon the face of the deep. Another six thousand years or more were to pass, and the foundations of the great city of Knossos, the supreme radiating centre of civilization, had already been laid for countless ages, and the Egyptian Dynasties were about to begin, when at last, as we were taught, the world was created, B.C. 4004. At that time, the Neolithic man, who left his civilization in the Lake-villages, towns rather, to be reconstructed only a few years ago, was already seeing it transferred beneath his eyes into the civilization of the Metal Ages, and the citizens of Knossos were soon to see their city ravished and burned, a catastrophe more memorable, so far as civilization is concerned, than any catastrophe of to-day is likely to seem four thousand years hence. Then the Greeks came, and that great Moral Reformation of the sixth century B.C. — throughout a new and larger world, from the Nile and the Tiber to the Hoang-ho and the Ganges — which has been called the true inauguration of our latest civilization. All these generations of men, as each wonderful civilization of the past seemed to lie shattered before their eyes, arose in a new spirit, with a new youthful energy and each of them proclaimed afresh during a million years: There has been no *civilization* yet!

We have learned that the history of man and his civilizations stretches back into a still immeasurable past.

The Nation

Yet do not let us leap to the conclusion that man is old. It is dangerous to leap to conclusions about anything in this world, most of all when Man and his civilizations are concerned. Who knows whether Man is old? Sometimes he still seems even too exuberantly youthful. 'Man was only born yesterday,' Maeterlinck lately wrote, 'and has scarcely yet even begun to disentangle himself from chaos. We fancy that he is moving towards Death, and all his past shows us that he is more probably advancing towards Life.' Another philosopher, stirred to unwonted impatience by a recent lamentable achievement of our bureaucrats, remarked the other day: 'If I were God I would put humanity under water for three minutes and begin again with the crocodiles, or something substantial.' But that is precisely what, on another plane, with an inexhaustible youthful assurance of 'world enough and time,' Man himself has been perpetually doing with his creations. When indeed we survey the brief history or the long history, as we choose to regard it, of this Divine Child in the creation of its infinitely various and endlessly novel playthings, nothing is left to us but wonder and adoration. We can only apply to the Soul of Man — so unfathomable, so mysterious, so disconcerting — the words of the Hebrew Psalmist to his Jahve: 'A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past.'

ON THE WALL

BY ZERES

Old men who have followed the Eagles since boyhood say that nothing in the Empire is more wonderful than the Wall. — *Confidences of Parnesius the Centurion in Britain.*

BETWEEN Burma and Assam, and farther to the north between Assam and Thibet, lie a series of wild mountain ranges that are practically unexplored. In these inhospitable and almost trackless regions a steaming tropical sun and an annual rainfall of some two hundred inches both combine to raise dense barriers of Gargantuan vegetation so formidable that pigmy man is often unable to penetrate them. Here and there, however, among their depths live — where it is possible to live at all without being choked by the strangling jungle — a score of different savage races. Those Englishmen who know them well can differentiate between such jungle tribes, and will tell you that in reality few of them are exactly alike either in racial antecedents or personal idiosyncrasy; but the ordinary mortal who encounters such exotic aborigines for the first time may well be pardoned if he sees little or nothing to choose between them. Utter savages, wild men of the woods, trappers of game, herdsmen (who even domesticate bison!), and occasional head-hunters, they occupy themselves with poisoned-arrow warfare, personal vendettas that are decided by the domestic *dao** and the earnest study of every variety of demon propitiation and animism known to the Theosophical Society. Their almost impenetrable

forests teem with big game — tiger, wild elephant, and buffalo abounding, — while, as a general rule, their rushing mountain rivers are well stocked with fish.

Many of them are foul feeders, and a whole family will camp under the lee of a trapped elephant until its stinking carcass has been completely consumed. . . . Races unpleasing in habit and custom, it still remains to be said in their favor that they are neither cannibals nor teetotalers. When raiding, these frontier races have not always in the past restricted their activities to intertribal warfare among themselves, and the lonely tea-planter living in remote districts has been the occasional object of their unwelcome attentions. Exciting stories of white women helping their husbands to defend their bungalows against the rushes of savage head-hunters recall Fenimore Cooper's novels of Red Indian and white settler life in America. To mention a few of the names of these pre-historic Bushmen — Chinns, Singphos, Nagas, Abors, Kukis, Daphlas, Mishmis, and Ankas — is probably to convey little or nothing to the English mind;* yet in the past they have not been altogether dissociated from our island story, and at rare intervals their

*The tribesmen under discussion do not as a rule use these names among themselves. Such terms were coined by their Assamese or Bengali neighbors, and signify 'naked men,' 'tattooed men,' 'jungle men,' 'eater of a thousand hearts' (i.e., warriors), etc.

* A heavy knife.

names have cropped up in the English press. When their names have appeared in print at all, it has generally been in connection with the murder of some British official. As in many other parts of our complex Empire, the proximity to civilization of such barbarous backwoods necessitates the presence of some local levies to keep the peace. Even during a European War such military precautions still have to be taken, otherwise a whole countryside might be pillaged. In the case of the dark lands that we are now describing, a dozen battalions of military police are the wardens of the marches. In normal times native militias are trained and led by regular military officers, seconded from their regiments; and although in war-time most of these have now been released for service in Mesopotamia, they have been replaced by 'crops,' who, even if no longer fit to support the strain of a prolonged campaign, are still quite capable of waging intermittent savage warfare. The duties of such men — and their confrères all the Empire over — are many and varied. Sometimes they sit for months in a lonely outpost, wishing that the destinies of the British Empire had not been cast in Asia or Africa; on other occasions they conduct punitive patrols against erring tribes, while more frequently they soothe by diplomacy, shy or restless ones on the verge of tribal stampede. Little honor is theirs, and no glory at all, because hunting as they do in couples — or more often singly — there is nobody to chronicle their exploits. Their lot is fever, fatalism, and a very great loneliness, for in the wilds of Asia and Africa the white man dies swiftly, doctorless and alone, in the arms of some black but kindly savage. During Armageddon their task is not dissimilar from that of the Roman legionaries in ancient Britain, who, unrelieved in their weary vigil and cut

off from civilization, went on holding the Great Wall against the Picts and Scots at a moment in history when Rome herself, embarrassed by graver conflicts nearer home, could give but little thought to her distant provinces and far-flung outposts.

'Good morning,' said the subaltern, with offensive heartiness, 'have you used Pears' Soap?'

'No,' replied his Captain, emerging from a lopsided bivouac tent, and struggling with an emotion that finally overcame his efforts to suppress it — 'No, Peter, I . . . well, have n't; nor any other . . . soap either! I've just discovered that coming into camp last night, half my kit went down the *khud** during that landslip. . . .' He ended his remarks with adjectives of appropriate calibre, and then proceeded to loot the subaltern's sponge-bag. Their ablutions completed, the two soldiers seated themselves on a waterproof sheet and watched the preparations that were being made for their early camp breakfast. These were being conducted by a dishevelled down-country bearer, assisted by a small *chokra* of evil mien and sinister aspect. In normal life the Captain belonged to the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and how or why he now found himself in command of a detachment of Gurkha Irregulars concerns no one but himself. He wore two African medal ribbons that were much faded and frayed at the edges, and a black patch over one eye recorded the work of the Turk in Gallipoli. Peter, his subaltern, was a restless fox-terrier-owning youth from the Sikh Brigade, whose only claim to immediate respectability lay in the possession of a pair of ragged khaki shorts. The rest of his shrinking person was inadequately concealed by his bath towel, and as

* *Khud* — hillside.

this flapped wildly in the eddying breeze, an ugly purple scar was plainly visible above his left breast. He had acquired this souvenir at Tanga.

Beneath them the thickly wooded hillside fell abruptly out of sight; but had they cared to gaze straight ahead across the dizzy emptiness of cloud-filled valley just below, another huge mountain range would have rewarded their efforts. Neither, however, did gaze as we have suggested that they might have done, because both were sick to death of mountain scenery, and tinned Oxford sausages frizzling over the camp fire seemed to them at the moment to be far more worthy of meditative contemplation than all the sunrises of Central Asia put together. The morning dew was helioing them a thousand messages over the hills; the passionless kiss of the laughing young mountain wind fell carelessly upon the boldly offered petals of the flaunting wild orchids around them; the roar of the waterfall below them rose thunderingly in their ears; but Gallio-like they cared for none of these things, but simply cursed the cook.

'When in Allah's name will those sausages be ready, Alla Bux. . . . God strafe that *chokra*; what *will* he do next?'

'Hazri taiar hai' (breakfast is ready), at last announced the crouching abomination in muddy muslin, as it blew stertorously upon the damp and unhappy fire; 'refrain from drinking the *Wister Sarse* direct from the bottleneck — for see it is broken.' The soldiers ate hungrily, and then lighting their strong Burmese cheroots watched the noiseless Gurkha sentry at the edge of the forest upon his panther-like patrol. Save for the low *click*, *purr*, *squeak* of his sheathed kukri rubbing against his well-oiled leather belt, he made no sound at all, as barefooted he picked his way delicately through

the dripping undergrowth. It was rather a pretty sight watching him, because in many ways the little Gurkha resembles the wary jungle creatures of his native land; and if out of his proper environment in a French cathedral city, he can give most of us a lead across a Himalayan glacier or through a Nepalese forest. The rest of the force — some two hundred rifles — lay huddled in a reëntrant down the hillside. Their grinning Mongolian faces, short sturdy build, Baden-Powell slouch hats, and bare knees, unhampered by the khaki shorts of their practical uniform, all combined to give an impression of Boy Scouts encamped for a picnic, rather than real live soldiers out upon the war-path.

'Tell you what it is,' said the Captain, after a long silence, knocking a great gray ash off his cheroot, 'I'm blown if I know what we're supposed to be doing up here.'

'How do you mean?' asked the subaltern.

'Well, we know that the Umptieth clan of the Chinn whatnots have been uppish on the Burma side of the frontier, and apparently Burma's asked us to coöperate from this direction. However, the discreet orders that have slowly filtered down to me from Simla, through the Politicals, seem to leave it in considerable doubt as to whether I'm to imitate the Welsh Mission, and convert the local heathen to Grace when I meet them, or contrariwise burn their villages, destroy their crops, and, generally speaking, rub their noses in the dirt.'

'Explain,' suggested the subaltern laconically, as boy-like he spat down the tempting void of the precipice, 'remember I'm quite in the dark about our orders. Have n't had a sight of the footling things.' The captain fumbled in his mildewed haversack and produced an enormous screed of paper.

'Well, I'm not to act in an unnecessarily arbitrary manner,' he quoted, 'but rather to reason with the recalcitrant clansmen, and explain to them that —'

'Fancy reasonin' with a Chinn!' giggled the subaltern; 'might as well reason with a missin' link!'

'To begin with,' replied his senior severely, 'we are n't dealing with the Chinns at all, *that's* Burma's show; and further, the races in general to which you so flippantly allude as being, well, somewhat backward in culture, are considered in Simla to represent an "ethnological problem of absorbing interest." *That* comes at the end of my orders.'

'Rummy way of writin' orders,' commented the subaltern professionally; 'but here, of course, we're all blasted policemen, — I forgot. Go on.'

'If,' continued the Captain, ignoring his junior's repeated interruptions, 'the clans on our side do attempt to cross this watershed and join their confounded friends Burma way, how on earth am I to stop them without some shooting occurring? And if it comes to a scrap, I suppose some young civilian in Simla will say I'm a Hun, and the "Bengalee"* will call me a Nero.'

'Never mind if they do,' comforted the subaltern; 'life is n't long enough to listen to the quacking of every d—d fool, who thinks himself subtly superior — the world's stiff with them, — the great thing is to do one's job decently, hang the expense, and to blaze with the gallery boys' applause.'

'Without realizing it, Peter, you've had a brain-wave. If, since the days of Nelson, England has always expected every man to do his duty, she has also always expected him to disobey his formal orders, and take the consequences. If the results are happy, England takes the credit; if disastrous,

the local man gets broke. It's a splendid game — from a Secretary of State's point of view.'

'Talkin' of Nelson and sailors,' said the subaltern rather irrelevantly, as he frantically attempted to free a bare brown and briar-scratched knee from the attentions of a cluster of hungry leeches, 'I wish to goodness that I were a blue-and-gold-clad asheat,* and lived in a civilized wardroom on service, instead of assing about these stinkin' jungles. Look at my knees — they are all bloody — and when the leeches are n't biting you the rest of the local fauna start gettin' to work. By the way, is that a dead root or a snake? . . . yes, *that* thing near your hand. . . .'

The Captain rose hastily, and proceeded to brain an excellent specimen of *cobra capello* that had been sunning itself neighborly by his side. 'Charming country in which to convalesce,' he remarked, reseating himself; 'and now, Peter, it's time we came to some decision about these downtrodden head-hunters. Where has the map got to? The contours are all wrong, by the way — probably sketched by some mad sapper. You might call up the *Dobhashis*† who were out last night, and we'll see how the land lies.'

A long conference ensued between the British officers and their local advisers, and finally the Captain threw down the map with the air of one who has made up his mind. 'Look here,' he said to his subaltern, 'from what these chaps tell us, there seems no doubt whatever that the Umpty-first clan mean business, and intend crossing this range with the idea of chipping in with their pals on the other side. Already they're restless, and have raided villages near them, carry-

* The old army's nickname for a sailor.

† Lit., two-tongued — i.e., interpreters, who in those hills frequently act as go-betweens or intelligence agents in addition to their ordinary duties.

* A native newspaper published in Calcutta.

ing off a score or so of their enemies' heads; and it appears that their war-drums were beating all yesterday afternoon. If they really do get started off on the war-path, it seems to me that the whole countryside will flare up and follow their example. Enthusiasm is infectious. That being the case, why not strafe them at once, and so put the fear of God into the rest before it's too late? It'll mean ignoring the political stunt of polite remonstrance, and somebody's going to be killed in the process; but in the long-run prompt and vigorous action applied at the psychological moment to the focus of unrest should justify itself. Because otherwise, if all the clans rise, it'll mean a pukha military expedition against them and any amount of bloodshed; *that* would be a pity, because there's no real vice in the Umpty-first, they only hunt heads same as we do racing Pots or other people C.I.E.'s.'

'Quite so,' agreed the subaltern, 'and the sooner we start the better.' They again conferred with their local guides as to ways and means, and finally decided to make a night march against the nearest rebel village, with a view to attacking it at dawn the next day. The afternoon was well advanced before all their various preparations were completed, and then they again forgathered for tea. 'By the way,' said the subaltern suddenly, 'do you know it's only a fortnight to Christmas?'

'Really?' The Captain's tone lacked interest, and the subaltern flushed a little.

'I expect you'll think me an awful ass, but I take Christmas rather seriously, particularly in this God-forsaken country.'

The Captain grunted. 'I suppose you connect it with England,' he said. 'Plum-pudding and indigestion, mistletoe and flappers, forced amiability on the part of one's relations, and the local parson spouting unwarrantable

optimism into the Family Pew!' The speaker smiled what was meant to be a cynical smile, but which in reality only succeeded in being rather a wry and twisted one. He had not been in England for over seven years; his liver was out of order, and further, his blood was poisoned by malaria. His best friend could not have called him an optimist.

The subaltern laughed. 'Oh, there are other reasons as well,' he replied cheerfully.

'Such as?'

'Well, for one thing — although, as you know, I ain't exactly pious — Christmas stands for rather a jolly sort of idea, — don't you think so?'

The Captain stared. 'This is quite a new side to your character, Peter,' he said; 'and, to be candid, I don't mind betting that there's a woman in the case!'

The subaltern blushed guiltily.

'Well, yes,' he confessed confusedly. 'You see, I'm engaged to be married, and I got an awfully rippin' sort of letter from my best girl last mail. Women put these sort of stunts rather decently, don't they? Sent me a Christmas card, too. Dashed artistic one. All robins an' bells an' frost. . .'

The Captain grunted again. 'When's the ghastly tragedy to come off?' he inquired sympathetically.

'As soon as I've saved enough pay,' replied the subaltern simply. 'After I was sloshed in East Africa, I got them to send me up here on light duty. I was a bit dipped, you see, and you can't spend money on polo or racin' in these hills.'

'True,' assented his senior grimly, 'you can't. And how long will it take you to square your debts?'

'Oh, about another six months, I suppose,' replied the subaltern carelessly. 'It seems an awful long time to wait, though, does n't it?'

'Impatience,' said the Captain oracularly, 'is the curse of modern youth. As far as my rather hazy Biblical reminiscences go, I believe that there was once an esteemed patriarch who worked and waited seven whole years for the object of his affections.'

'She must have been a bit long in the tooth by the time they did get to church,' replied the subaltern ungallantly. 'But I must bust off now and dish out that reserve ammunition.'

The Maze at Hampton Court is mere child's play compared with a twisty jungle-path in Northeastern India; and, further, there are no snakes at Hampton Court. We said 'path,' but to the European eye such jungle arteries are often indiscernible, for their course is only marked by a series of broken twigs amid bushes that are armpit high. As you stumble through the baffling thickets of a hillside that is often nearly perpendicular, the leading file who guides your faltering footsteps seems to take a malicious pleasure in bending back, and then suddenly releasing in your face every branch and bramble that is sufficiently elastic for his purpose. Even as upon night operations smoking is forbidden, so similarly on such occasions the solace of profanity is denied the soldier, and in consequence you must perforce grin and bear such indignities in silence. A *mithun** or a *go'n'r†* snort indignantly from some dark lair close by, and you wonder whether it is going to charge; a tiger gives tongue in the farther distance; and finally a firefly settles on and sticks to your streaming forehead, investing you with a saintly halo to which you cannot remember possessing any immediate claim. When you are thoroughly sick of the whole business, some careless

savage will suddenly discharge a lethal weapon at the flank of the column, and a missile which — judging from its peculiar noise during flight — must be about the size of an orange, describes a parabola, and striking a coolie in the stomach winds him for at least ten minutes. Thus jungle-fighting begins all the world over, from the Amazon to the Brahmaputra. However, upon arrival before an enemy village itself more serious work may be expected, and indeed you often experience a very *mauvais quart d'heure*. In the case of the Hill-Bushmen of the North-east Frontier of India their tactics vary very considerably, but of most it may be said that unless they are raiding for loot or vengeance, or are filling in their spare time by cutting up a convoy, they almost invariably adopt a defensive rôle. The actual method which they employ again differs in detail; but stockades cunningly concealed in the forest, supported by the timely employment of *rockshoots*, form the backbone of their defense. A *rockshoot* is a rough-and-ready engineering stratagem, which is most effective in mountain warfare, and explained briefly it consists in toppling half a hillside — avalanche-wise — upon your unwary opponent below. Further, these tribes will dig hidden pits full of pointed and poisoned stakes, which if fallen into obviate the necessity of any more formal funeral. Fortunately for the white frontiersman in this part of the world, the denizens of these tracts are — unlike the Afridi marauder of the Northwest frontier — but poorly armed. Still in a type of flickering jungle warfare, where you seldom sense your enemy until you are within twenty yards of him, a smooth-bore musket that discharges a yard of looted telegraph wire, or a crossbow that releases an arrow tipped with deadly aconite, are weapons by no

*Wild bison — *mithun*.

†Rhinos — *go'n'r*.

means to be despised.* It was about 4 A.M. — that uncomfortable hour before dawn — when Peter and his Captain debouched from a ragged apology for a pass and scrambled quietly across a raw rent in the hillside that had been torn open by a recent earthquake. Trees and shrubs lay uprooted in grotesque confusion, and while these offered obstacles to the column's progress, they were less formidable than the dense and clinging young bamboo higher up the hillside which had escaped the cataclysm. The tropical rain was pouring steadily in dark torrents. It fell in sheets rather than in drops. Having fallen, it rebounded from the earth and then leaped skywards again. The air was lashed by drenching spray and breathing became a conscious labor. The general effect in the forest was submarine in its nature: you almost expected to see fish darting through the trees in lieu of the stunned birds which fell from their drowned branches.

'Talk about the takin' of Lung-tung pen,' gasped the subaltern as he dashed the rainwater from his blinded eyes for the twentieth time that morning. 'Swimming the Irrawaddy must have been positively dry work compared with messing about the bottom of *this* damned aquarium. We shall probably meet a mermaid in a minute. Hullo! . . .'

The rain ceased suddenly, and with the rising sun the steaming jungle turned into a purgatory of the vapor-bath variety. A slight crackle in the undergrowth just ahead and their native guide sank upon one knee. He then made a low warning noise like the spit of an angry snake. So natural was his reproduction of this *p'his't* that Peter instinctively shrank backwards, and in doing so his light deerskin boot dislodged a stone. Gathering impetus,

and snowball-like attracting to itself other similar debris, it fell bounding down the *khud*-side, the noise which followed sounding prodigious midst the awesome quiet of the lonely mountains. The old Gurkha *subadar* just had time to throw his subaltern a reproachful glance and then things began to happen. To quote Mr. Kipling, 'a snider squibbed in the jungle' — many sniders, in fact. Also a score of bows twanged rudely from nowhere in particular, and a feathery shower of poisoned arrows rustled through the leaves.

'Down, men!' shouted their leader, 'and don't all crowd together like a bunch of bally bananas! Now then, section volleys to your front, and clear the jungle. None of your independent firing there, Peter, or the men'll blaze away all their ammunition in less than no time. . . . We're scallywags, remember. *That's* right . . . do it again.' A fairly respectable volley crashed out three times, but the enemy stood their ground and returned the fire. A rock in front of the subaltern was thrice monotonously chipped by heavy gray splashes of lead. 'Shoot-in' not too dusty,' he observed quietly; 'this is going to be war, not punishment!' Indeed the enemy's primitive weapons were taking effect at this close quarter ding-dong forest fighting, and under such local conditions the police's superiority in armament became more a theoretical than a practical quantity. Further, they were heavily outnumbered and could see little or nothing of their hidden enemy. A Gurkha on the subaltern's right fell forward without a cry. A small blue-penciled mark showed up vividly against the brown of his forehead, but the back of his head — or rather its absence — was mercifully hidden from view. Another rifleman rose to obtain a better aim at some elusive target in

*Even a graze from a poisoned arrow may kill a healthy man more rapidly than the bite of a cobra.

the bushes forty yards away, but before the rifle reached his shoulder he collapsed again and stoically drew an arrow from his thigh. He, too, presently moved no more.

'Every time a cocoanut!' muttered the subaltern, reloading his sporting *Mannlicher*. 'What price *that* Aunt Sally?' and he fired as he spoke at a bedizened savage who wore a barbaric head-dress ornamented with wild-boar's tushes. His aim was true, and the Bushman fell clattering among his own weapons — spear, shield, and tower musket.

'We'd better get round their flank,' yelled the Captain above the din; 'they've got the bulge over us, behind that blasted stockade, and the ground in front of it's all full of poisoned man-traps!' He blew his whistle as he spoke and led his men up the hillside. Here the jungle grew thinner and a patch of open *jhum** afforded them a brief tactical breathing space. A portion of the village now revealed its insanitary existence, and rows of human heads intermingled with animal masks grinned hideously from the walls. From the courtyards within rose the unceasing bray of the war-drum, while a crowd of excited tribesmen outside were dancing the national war-dance. Tossing their arms upwards they advanced with shrill blood-curdling cries, stamping upon the ground with rhythmical precision, and shouted occasional defiance at the handful of Gurkhas. The distance between the opposing forces had now widened — as a result of the flanking movement — to about two hundred yards. As the jungle all round the British force was rustling with unseen enemies, the Captain decided that a bold bayonet charge upon the village itself was the best way of clearing up the immediate situation. The

Military Police dashed forward. One section got into difficulties, and were held up by a sort of elephant-trap, full of sharpened bamboos, which might or might not have been poisoned, but the remainder went through the enemy as though they had been brown paper, and cleared the village in one irresistible rush. Then the Gurkhas drew their *kukris* and chased the fleeing tribesmen into the jungle beyond. But here — behind the village — the enemy had reserved his tactical *pièce de résistance*. As the little Gurkhas panted up the steep hillside, like eager terriers after evicted rats, a long low rumble was heard, that grew in sullen intensity every second. 'Look out!' shouted the subaltern warningly; 'here comes a rockshoot!' He was well out of its direct course himself, but on turning to warn his men saw a wounded bugler lying full in the path of the coming avalanche. He tore back to drag him out of danger, but was just too late, and a moment afterwards a whole landslip of rocks, earth, and trees swept down with the roar of an express train. The full force of the 'shoot' missed the two men, but they did not escape its violence altogether, and officer and bugler were flung fifty yards down the hillside, and half buried under the heavy debris. A stray Bushman, *dao* in hand, rushed forward to secure the unconscious white boy's head, but a Gurkha shot him in the back before he reached his intended victim. The temporary confusion among the British force that the discharge of the rockshoot created had been anticipated by the enemy, and they seized the psychological moment to counter-attack. Then, as the Captain said later, 'some dirty work occurred in the offing.' The Bushmen, who were in force, fought stubbornly but wildly; the out-numbered Gurkhas equally stubbornly and with discip-

**Jhum* = sporadic cultivation in the middle of the forest.

lined coöperation. For five minutes it was any one's victory, but then the *kukri* prevailing over the *dao*, the enemy were *chopped* back — that is the only description — into their native jungle again. Both *dao* and *kukri* are weapons which are suitable for cutting up bison carcasses, and the results, when they are used upon humanity, are not at all pretty. Despite the comparatively light casualties on both sides, the small clearing behind the village was a bloody shambles, where fantastically-clad barbarian and more soberly-equipped Gurkha lay in inextricable death-grips, still worrying each other's wounds. It was indeed war as the cinema depicts it: crude, personal, and gory. The police, only pausing to retrieve their dead and wounded, set fire to the now deserted village, and then climbed to a higher spur in the mountains. Here a position was occupied where a more extensive field of fire was obtainable, and where, in consequence, the patrol was less liable to surprise. With the rest of the wounded, the still unconscious subaltern was jerked and pushed up the steep ascent by a dozen rough though willing hands. Perhaps it was as well that he did remain unconscious, for twice the men who bore him slipped and fell, and once they dropped him altogether. His left leg had sustained a compound fracture below the knee, while a sharp stake had laid bare the torn muscles of his calf. Allowing for the despatch of a messenger to civilization, and for the return journey, there was no prospect of obtaining a doctor within a month. On the Wall, however, such *contretemps* are not uncommon.

'You might as well try your hand at it,' said the subaltern a fortnight later, 'because as things are at present my number's up all right, so what's the odds if you do make a mess of it?'

It was Christmas Eve, and he lay shivering on a bed of sodden bracken, wrapped in the Captain's clammy mackintosh. From time to time he was shaken from head to foot by those great shuddering rigors that so often accompany acute blood-poisoning. The ceaseless rain, its direct force broken by the roof of the leaky *basha** which sheltered him, alternately dripped upon or sprayed across his flushed and upturned face. Under the stress of fever, pain, and hardship, he looked exactly what he was — namely, a tired child, who had been systematically overworked for nearly three years. His broken leg lay strapped to a rough splint. In addition to being broken, sepsis had set in, and the injured limb had now become discolored and fearfully swollen. The Captain had done what he could, but hitherto his surgery had not been conspicuous for its success, and to-day it was plain both to surgeon and patient alike that a crisis was at hand.

The Captain was kneeling by the subaltern's apology for a bed, vainly attempting to shelter him from the teasing rain-trickle off the roof, while he supported a large calf-bound volume, the contents of which both of them were earnestly perusing. It was entitled *Medicine for the Masses*, and upon its flyleaf was written in beautifully fine and clear handwriting — 'To dearest George, from Aunt Matilda.' 'Dearest George' was the Captain. There were two or three other works of equal scientific value lying scattered upon the grass. 'You see,' said the Captain hopefully, 'if the skipper of a tramp steamer could do the trick all right, why should n't I be able to? According to the book he had n't half the outfit that's in our medical wallet; and *we've* got chloro-

**Basha* = a primitive and temporary native shelter, hastily constructed with branches and grass.

form, which is more than *he* had.' The passage alluded to in '*Medicine for the Masses*' had reference to what laymen could attempt during emergencies, a case being cited of a captain of a collier saving a seaman's life by amputating his hand in mid-ocean. The two frontiersmen, with the simple optimism of those who have long been accustomed to expect nothing except what their own efforts can accomplish, were seriously discussing the practicability of an amateur amputation in the jungle which might yet save the subaltern's life. The only alternative to so drastic a measure seemed certain death from septic poisoning, and in this connection the subaltern had remarked briefly that he would prefer a run for his money. The Captain had a very extensive and practical knowledge of veterinary science, which he trusted might stand him in good stead, one of the Gurkha sepoy had formerly been trained as a hospital orderly, and finally there was the invaluable medical wallet which contained an assorted jumble of instruments and antiseptics. 'The great thing,' said the Captain, 'is to locate those anterior and posterior tibial arteries. Once they've had ligatures properly applied — and I've often tied ligatures in the horse hospital — there's no real danger of excessive hemorrhage.'

'No,' replied the subaltern, 'and after that I suppose it's more or less a matter of carpentry and keeping things clean.' He smiled feebly. 'I wonder why we ever employ doctors at all!' he added.

'I've got plenty of nerve for the job,' continued the Captain, trying to throw some enthusiasm into his tone. 'When I was a kid I was an awful knut at stuffing birds and skinning rabbits, and of course all that sort of thing helps.'

'Of course,' replied the subaltern; 'and Alla Bux could give me the chlo-

roform.' As an anaesthetist the weeping cook might not perhaps have inspired a London surgeon with undue confidence, but snivelling into his unravelled blue puggri he promised faithfully to do his best. 'The bettin' ain't exactly in my favor,' admitted the subaltern, his voice faltering a little for the first time. 'Still, with my leg like an inflated zeppelin, it's obviously my last ruddy chance, so for God's sake get a move on George, before I start funk'ing it.' He was seized with another terrible shivering fit as he spoke, and buried his burning face in the dripping bracken. The Captain turned away, and diving silently into the medical wallet, slowly selected such surgical instruments as it contained. His expression, as he did so, was n't a pretty one, because he was mutinously blaspheming all the gods in which he did n't believe for their apparent indifferences to human fate.

'It's a thousand to one, of course, against my making any sort of job of this,' he muttered; 'only a dashed miracle could save him now, and I don't happen to believe in miracle stunts — not even on Christmas Eve! Still, if the worst comes to the worst,' he concluded grimly, 'he'd much better hop off the twig under chloroform than wait for sepsis to do the trick. Nasty sticky end sepsis . . . and it's giving him h—ll already.' He compared the surgical instruments with a card of corresponding numbered diagrams, and sorting the rusty cutlery, proceeded to boil it.

'I say,' said the subaltern, with a fine assumption of carelessness, 'by the way, if you don't mind, I think I'll give you my people's address before you begin.'

'Quite so,' replied the Captain dryly.

'Also, you might just chuck me my *finacée's* photograph, will you? It's over there in my haversack . . . yes, on the top of that case of tinned salmon.'

The Captain complied with his request, and then resumed his immediate task. When all was ready he unostentatiously mixed himself a stiff peg, summoned the ex-hospital orderly, and approached the subaltern with what he trusted was a happy bedside manner. No further conversation ensued between them, but both surgeon and patient shook hands in silence. At that moment, however, an interruption occurred. There was some slight disturbance outside the bivouac. In the distance some Gurkhas sprang to attention. A few seconds later a bedraggled figure, mounted on a small and undignified hill pony, splashed upon the scene. It streamed with water from its pulp-like pith helmet to its sodden polo boots. The rider drew nearer, and gave a view-halloo!

"That you, Blackwall!" he shouted — "Merry Christmas! I say, your patrol looks pretty damaged. Been bear-in' the White Man's Burden lately? Just on my way to Fort Té-hāng on special duty. They're all down with cholera, d——n 'em! Believe they've done it on purpose just to do me out of my leave. Personally, I want some quinine and brandy badly. 'Specially brandy. My kit won't be in till dark. Hulloo! is that Peter? What's up?"

The Captain laughed a little unsteadily as he shook the newcomer by the hand. "I'm dashed if a miracle stunt has n't come off after all!" he remarked rather incoherently, more to himself than to the man whom he now recognized as the local civil surgeon.

"What do you mean?"

The Captain explained.

"Good Lord!" cried the cheery little medico, 'an' so you were really just going to . . . Good Lord! . . . Deuced lucky I happened to come this way; it was absolute chance — as you say, a miracle!" He paused, his professional eye arrested by the Captain's astonish-

ing medical library. "Medicine for the Masses," he read out slowly, "Every one his own surgeon," "What a young girl ought n't to know," "How I ridded myself of superfluous fat in a fortnight." . . . Good Lord! What next, I wonder! Here, let's have a look at him," and he bent over the subaltern's leg. "Amputation," he snapped — "amputation be jiggered; I know a thing or two better than that. But what a light-hearted butcher you must be, Blackwall, to want to dissect your own subaltern!"

The Captain attempted some inadequate excuses, which were swept aside by the outraged follower of Æsculapius. "I'll 'medicine for the mass' you, next time you get fever," he threatened darkly, and then his eye fell upon the photograph of the subaltern's *fiancée*. "Death-bed scenes?" he inquired suspiciously. "Not yet awhile, my son! No, not by a very long chalk; but if I know anything about my job, that leg of yours means a whole year's poodle-fakin' in Blighty. Here, you black *thug*" — this to the unfortunate Alla Bux — "just you hand over that chloroform, and stand by to lend me a hand. Wo'ah, mare! . . . So ho! steady there, Peter! . . . suck it down like a man . . . gently does it . . . *that's* right. . . . He's going off beautifully. Here, Blackwall, hand me those tin-openers of yours, and if I were you, I should n't look this way for the next half-hour. Hang it, man, you're as white as a ghost already . . . yes *you*, you blanked — er — body-snatcher!"

But for once the Captain had no apt retort ready. He had lit a cigarette, and was staring absent-mindedly into the mist-blurred sunset. Perhaps the foundations of his usual scepticism had just received rather a severe shock. This often happens to men On the Wall.

AMERICA AND THE ECONOMIC WEAPON

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

ANYONE who studies the German press and technical reviews is well aware of the grave concern with which the enmity of the United States is now regarded. But the complaints of great industrialists have gone unheeded; and as for the statesmen, we know that—in Mr. Lloyd George's words—'they are the mere puppets of the military party.' It is notorious that the ruthless U-boat advocates were warned of what Herr Albert Ballin, of Hamburg, calls 'this fatal policy.'

'You will remember,' the ship-master recalled to Geheimrat Rathemian, 'how I went to Berlin to stay the hand of the authorities? . . . They pooh-poohed me; they scoffed at America and scorned each threat in Wilson's notes. Do they laugh now? Let me tell you that in my judgment the entry of the United States into the world-struggle may spell absolute disaster for us; it is a thing which will throw cold shadows on our economic life for a generation.'

To-day the question of raw materials dwarfs all else, even victory itself for it is not by Weltpolitik, but by Welthandel, or universal commerce, that Germany hopes to recoup her enormous losses and realize her dreams. She and her allies are besieged. War is now her only trade, and no ingenuity, no tricks of Tüchtigkeit can continue to make nettle-fibre a satisfactory substitute for American cotton, nor will paper serve indefinitely for clothing and boots.

An official report to the Kriegs-amt

in Berlin states that 10,000 substitutes have been created by German chemists. These cover the whole civilian life, as well as military purposes; they range from bacteria-fats to synthetic rubber. At the same time industrialists have no illusions whatever about these queer makeshifts. 'We need copper,' they urge. And no stripping of palace roofs, no raiding of door-knockers or kitchen-pans can make up for the deficiency.

It is of course the aim of Mitteleuropa to be self-sufficing; and with this in view, a new African Empire is planned with State aid and corvée labor on a scientific basis. But all this belongs to a very nebulous future. Meanwhile German trade is moribund, as the semi-official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* tells us sans phrase. 'Out of 1,700 spinning and weaving mills, only 70 are running at high pressure. In the boot and shoe industry, 1,400 factories have been amalgamated into 300. Only 15 oil-works are operating out of 720. And in our silk industry the spools have been reduced from 45,000 to 2,500.'

'If the final peace,' declares Dr. Karl Helfferich, 'does not restore to us what our enemies have taken away—if our industrial freedom and enterprise are in any way to be fettered, then our people are crippled for an immeasurable period.' And it all depends upon the United States. 'If America will sell us no cotton,' is the threat of the *Berlin Deutsche Zeitung*, 'she shall get no potash—the in-

dispensable fertilizer in which we have a world-monopoly. If she withholds her oil and grain, then she shall get no dyes, no drugs, no glassware, or optical instruments.'

But American genius has long been busy with these things; another year or two will see her wholly independent of German supplies. The potash monopoly — from the mines of Stassfurt in Saxony — was undeniably a problem; there are still richer sources in Alsace, as we all know Germany's resolve to hold that province through thick and thin. America needs 500,000 tons of potash every year, for the sandy soils of the Atlantic seaboard, and also for the citrus-fruits of Florida, the tobacco of Georgia and the Carolinas, the potatoes and garden produce of Maryland.

But there is potash in plenty in the great Republic, especially in the alkali lakes of Nebraska and Southern California. Potash is now obtained from the Great Salt Lake in Utah, and from the vast kelp beds of the Pacific coast. American chemists are also extracting potash (by the Cottrell process) from the dust of cement-kilns and blast-furnaces. So the German monopoly will pass, and many others with it. America will produce her own dyes and optical instruments, though I may not linger on the details of this supplanting.

What is perfectly certain is that the United States is the treasure house of the world for raw materials; and President Wilson has plainly said that if after the war the German people were still willing to live under 'ambitious and intriguing masters,' then it would be impossible to admit them 'to the free economic intercourse which must inevitably spring out of the other partnerships of a real peace.'

The world's coal output in the year

before the war was 1,478,000,000 tons. Of this, 570,000,000 tons were mined by America and 380,000,000 by Great Britain. The pig-iron production was 79,500,000 metric tons; of this 31,000,000 was American and 11,500,000 British. Of steel 76,000,000 tons were manufactured — 31,000,000 American, and 9,000,000 British. More than half the world's copper was mined in the United States; she produced two thirds of the world's fuel oil, and 60 per cent of the cotton.

It is therefore clear that our great Ally holds the whip hand, and Germany's foremost economists are driving the lesson home remorselessly. Thus Emil Zimmermann writes in the weighty Berlin review, *Das Grössere Deutschland*: 'Our enemies know that without raw materials we can make no goods. When we pretend otherwise, the world gets the impression that we Germans have thus far failed to grasp the full seriousness of the Great War.' Yet these are but desert voices so long as the militarists are in control, promising a 'German peace' of preposterous indemnities and territorial cessions.

Meanwhile the American Army pours into France at the rate of 300,000 a month — a transport miracle which defies the new Tauchkreuzer, or diving warship, which is the latest pride of Kiel, specially designed to prey upon the Atlantic troop-ships. The American casualty lists grow longer, the spirit of the American people more resolute and stubborn to have done with Prussianism for ever — that 'furious and brutal Power' which President Wilson so trenchantly denounced in his reply to the Holy See.

And so, bound hand and foot to the chariot of Mars, the German people are dragged deeper and deeper into the morass. Only the sword can

decide; and after the decision come guarantees and security for future behavior. It is here that America 'comes in'; and we may surely look

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for a clear and explicit statement from her greatest President, as to how her economic weapon will be used 'to make the world safe for Democracy.'

UKRAINA

BY W. CZERNIEWSKI

IN the present meaning of the word, Ukraina did not exist before the revolution, the appearance of the State is in fact, the outcome of Russia's decomposition. The peasantry living in the district have always spoken a dialect differing from the Russian language no more than the North German dialect differs from literary German. They were called 'little' Russians, their brethren in Austria and Hungary being known as Ruthenians, while their habits and customs generally were those of the Moujiks all over Russia.

Kiev, the capital of Ukraina, has always been regarded by the Russians as the cradle of their nation, and in ancient times was the seat of Government of their first princes. After the Tartar invasion Kiev was incorporated in the State of Lithuania, which was united to Poland in 1386, and remained a part of the Polish Commonwealth for three hundred years. In 1686, however, Kiev was ceded to Russia and remained in her possession till the revolution. The surrounding district still remained a part of the Polish State until the partition of Poland at the end of the eighteenth century. The name itself, 'Ukraina,' is a Polish word meaning 'Borderland.'

The first signs of a Ukrainian national movement appeared in Austria some three or four score years ago. There was a strong leaning towards Russia among the Ruthenian peasantry of Galicia, and to counteract Russian influence within the Empire the Austrian Government created and encouraged a Ruthenian national movement opposed to Russophil sentiments; 'The Ukrainians are a separate nation and not Russian,' was the watchword of the movement, which was also anti-Polish in sympathy, it being part of the Hapsburg policy to use the Ruthenians as a counterpoise to Polish influence, the Poles of Galicia forming an important party in the Vienna parliament. The Ukrainian movement, however, hardly penetrated beyond Galicia, the Ruthenians in Hungary were kept in subjection by the Magyars, while in Russia the autocrat government dealt ruthlessly with any Ruthenian agitation. At the same time the influence of Galicia was obvious in Kiev, the movement being supported by Germany in every possible way — at the very moment she was endeavoring to exterminate the Polish element in Silesia, Posnania and Western Prussia.

Germany's inhuman policy was

hotly criticised by the Poles in the Austrian parliament, and as a consequence the alliance was threatened. For this reason, therefore, Germany did her utmost to support the anti-Polish Ruthenians, supplying all necessary funds for propaganda purposes. This was, in fact, discovered and publicly exposed by a M. Krysiak. It may be taken for granted that Germany did not limit herself to the Ruthenians in Austria, but endeavored to increase the sphere of influence in Russia. It is significant that even before the war the German press continually dwelt upon the necessity of creating a Ukrainian State, it being in the interests of Germany to Balkanize Eastern Europe so as to make the process of digestion easier.

With the outbreak of revolution in Russia, the Ukrainians established a central organization, the Rada (Council) in Kiev. They demanded a national army, with recognition of Ukrainian autonomy, but though they announced their intention to remain united with the Russian republic as an autonomous State it is notable that their intentions were strongly suspected by the Provisional Government. In June, last year the Russian press was very uneasy about the Ukrainian movement, and in the same month Prince Lvoff stated that the Provisional Government would in no case approve the autonomy of 'Little Russia' before the approval of the Constituent Assembly. He said also: 'The group which calls itself Ukrainian, and displays such great activities is entirely unknown to the Government.' Russian patriots realized quite well that should 'Little Russia' form a separate State, Great Russia would be deprived of her largest food and mineral resources, and cut off from the Black Sea, be crippled as a great power for ever. At first,

therefore, the Ukrainian Rada had but little chance to achieve its ultimate aim of establishing an independent State. Moreover, the so-called 'national' element was extremely weak. In Kiev itself there were barely a few hundred Ukrainians, the bulk of the population considering themselves Russians. The insignificance of the Ukrainian element was most explicitly shown by the instructions of the Rada that every official must learn the Ruthenian language within six months, permission to use Russian being accorded for that period only! The one party in Russia who supported the Ukrainians were the Bolsheviks; and it was with the coming of Lenin to power that Ukraina was declared an independent State.

Even so, however, the Rada had no real power and anarchy spread quickly through the country. All the large properties in Southern Russia were destroyed last autumn. The houses were burned to the ground, fields were devastated and cattle slaughtered. This wholesale robbery was in the main carried out by the fugitive troops from the Russian front, who formed a disorderly mob. The only army which remained intact was formed of Polish troops, some of whom had their headquarters in Ukraina. The latter organized a defense of the population, and the Rada, looking towards them for help and protection, established good relations. This attitude of the Rada, however, alarmed Germany, who above all dreaded unity among the Slavs. Consequently at the peace of Brest-Litovsk a considerable portion of Poland was offered to Ukraina with the object of creating permanent dissension between the Republic and the future State of Poland. So apprehensive were the German authorities that they sent an overwhelming force against the

Polish army, which after several days' fierce battle was disarmed.

Thus the Rada became an obedient tool in the hands of Germany; even so, it was unable to comply with her demands for food and supplies, and Germany, therefore, effected a *coup d'état*, abolished the Rada, and appointed Skoropacky, since when the Republic has been an independent State in name alone. It is, indeed, in my opinion very doubtful whether Ukraina can ever attain a separate existence. The peasantry

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who form the chief class have no capacity for State creation and the educated classes are for the most part Russian, Jewish, and Polish. The Ukrainians, therefore, depend on the support of Germany, but as has been conclusively demonstrated in the course of the war, the Germans are not good diplomats, and their rule in Ukraina is so oppressive that the peasantry, which still refuses to give up their corn and bread, is in a state of bitter resentment and revolt.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMOR

GOING back to our remote ancestor, the Cave Man, we imagine him animated by laughter when he saw another of his species coming across a stone in a dish of stewed bison, and breaking a tooth on it with hideous demonstrations of annoyance. The bystander probably repeated this pleasure by inserting another stone on the sly, if he felt that he could afford to risk the consequences, and what is called the Practical Joke was born, a thing rather out of date now, but flourishing as very funny in the nineteenth century. This sort of thing would be called pretty crude to-day; but so are most beginnings. The first liar was a clumsy performer compared with the civilized variety developed by casuists and matured by long practice.

A typical specimen of the practical joke consists in drawing away a chair from a person who thinks he is going to sit down on it, a jest to be seen on the stage in 'Dear Brutus.' The per-

petrator is excused as a primitive sprite who is too ancient to have learned civilized manners. When no harm accrues to person or temper, the joke may do; when it is otherwise, it does not seem worth while. Where accidents occur for which we are in no way responsible, we may be amused by them — for instance, with the account of the maid-servant who in a raid was blown up to the top of a house and sustained no serious damage. But if there is serious injury, it submerges the sense of humor. It is not particularly funny to see a deformed man, or a black man in a country where the vast majority of men are white. Children laugh at these things, but adults not so often. Humor is refined as the world goes on. Homer, whose date is not later than 800 years before Christ, pictures the immortal gods as full of inextinguishable laughter when an ugly, clumsy, halting blacksmith carried round their cups instead of the elegant Ganymede. Horace, a few years before Christ,

thinks a ladylove past her prime with black teeth and ruined charms a spectacle for much laughter. A gentleman of the modern type finds no merriment in such details. He does not need a marked sense of inferiority in somebody else to produce a sense of humor in himself. It is not manners nowadays to talk of ropes in a family where a man has been hanged, though, according to Stevenson, there is always something sinister in the humor of the lower orders. Among the educated it is not necessary to sacrifice a friend or a conviction in order to cause or say a good thing. Nor need we, unless we are professional humorists, attempt to be funny all the time. The results of this forcing of the vein generally provide some melancholy reading.

A large class of jokes of a primitive order still flourish, and are provided by the sight of something smashed, broken, knocked out of its original shape or use. Goethe, as a child, threw all the crockery out into the street for fun, and enjoyed the smashing sound of it on the pavement below. The imp of the perverse sits on the shoulders of most of us now and again and makes us do unusual things for the fun of them. We make free with another's personality or property; and we are apt to become insolent, which means, by derivation, unusual behavior. The joke which causes undeserved suffering, of a kind which can be avoided, of anybody does not appeal to the civilized man.

Humor in these primitive cases is a sense of superiority over somebody else, the pleasure of having an umbrella on a wet day when others have none, or of assisting, as the phrase goes, at an accident. 'Who took you to the 'orspital?' said the policeman, with a grim smile, to the man who explained that he had been knocked over by a motor bus. There is a single word

in ancient Greek and modern German which means rejoicing over the misfortunes of others, and the same sentiment is familiar in a well-known French epigram. Laughter, as old Hobbes said, is a sudden sense of glory. To glory over somebody else in an inferior position is a little malicious; but fortunately this touch of malice leads on to a delightful sense of humor which is invaluable in carrying us through this vale of tears. Life is full of despondency and misfortune, and then 'one touch of nature makes the whole world grin.'

The superiority which causes the glory of sudden laughter need not nowadays be caused by any smashing, dashing, or crashing. It may be, and generally is, a superiority of a mental kind only — the discovery of new aspects in a situation which are revealed to us sooner than to our friends. George Meredith says in one of his books: 'The encouragement of the humane sense of superiority over an object of interest, which laughter gives, is good for the object.' It is also good for the laugher. In the sentence just quoted the word 'humane' is the important one for definition. Meredith goes so far as to say that a race which does not possess any good comedy — which is good jesting about the relations of man and woman — is inferior in sanity to a race which does possess it. He denounces the Germans on this ground, long before the war was thought of.

Moralists we have met have spoken of humor almost as if it were the invention of the devil. If so, the devil has got hold of a very good thing, as somebody said of Monte Carlo. The absence of humor is a real defect, for instance, in Tolstoy and Marcus Aurelius. Marcus, says Renan, 'understood but one thing perfectly, duty. What he lacked was the kiss of a fairy at his

birth, a highly philosophical matter in its way; in other words, the art of yielding to nature and gaiety.'

Stevenson remarks pungently that, 'if your morals make you dreary, depend upon it, they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.'

Yet the severe moralist might object to most jokes as a form of deceit. A sense of contrast leads to a joke, and, if we can succeed in pretending that unlike things are really like, or apply standards to a thing never normally measured by them, a jest is, or may be, achieved. We talk nonsense and pretend that it is sense. Pleasure, not disgust, comes from false logic, from taking a metaphor literally, from an assumption of advanced ignorance, which is a favorite joke among our judges. A Ritualist once said to a Protestant, 'At least you will own that art is the handmaid of religion.' 'Yes,' replied the other, 'and I wish religion would give her a month's notice.' The pun, though, as Charles Lamb pointed out, it occurs in the New Testament, is usually too easy and obvious a thing to be funny. It must be full of pretence of logic to be really happy, as in the ingenious riddle 'What is the difference between Dr. Watts and Don Juan?' 'The first is a writer of hymns; the second a wronger of hers.' Miraculously neat is the saying of the famous punster, Sir George Rose, who, on turning round and seeing somebody imitating his gait, said, 'You have the stalk without the rose.' The worst of it is that puns so apt as this seem to have been invented beforehand. They make us suspect that they were thought out first, and the circumstances carefully fitted to them afterwards. Everyone, however, has his own taste in jokes, and a difference

in this regard makes, as George Eliot wisely remarked, a great strain upon the affections.

A particularly puzzling thing is the similarity between the sublime and the ridiculous. Both depend on contrast, and are so nearly allied that pathos slips into bathos and preachers into unconscious humor. An open air moralist at Malvern denouncing the crime of Sabbath-breaking, rose to the climax: 'At the great day of judgment, when heaven and earth shall melt in devouring fire, what will become of the donkey-boys of Malvern?'

Dr. A. C. Bradley, in his admirable *Oxford Essays*, suggests that the sense of infinity makes the sublime and puts it above the ridiculous. It is a sense of something infinitely great which may be revealed by something infinitely little. Turgeneff is Dr. Bradley's example in a prose poem about that ridiculous little creature, a sparrow. One of its young fell out of the nest on to the ground and was attacked by a dog. The sparrow flung itself on the dog's teeth with all the bravery of a mother. The dog killed the sparrow, but slunk away disconcerted from the nestling. Here was sublimity, an infinite mother love which faced a monster at absurd odds. The sparrow was sublime largely because it was so small. But if we did not know of the mother love which impelled it to a hopeless battle, we should call it ridiculous for a sparrow to face a dog. We should laugh, as the Philistines doubtless laughed when David faced the monster Goliath.

The sublime is rare; the ridiculous has the much wider range of the two, and this is as well, since we are not always in the mood to recognize sublimity, and a joke is much easier to achieve, a thing, as Wordsworth says¹,

... not too bright and good²

For human nature's daily food.³

Humor is infinite in its varieties, but

it may be missed for want of knowledge. Professional jokes fail outside the profession, and family jokes must be a trial to a new wife who does not know their special significance. Nowadays ignorance of English literature may spoil an excellent thing, like this reply of Horace Smith, part author of *Rejected Addresses*, when his daughter was being christened. The clergyman asked the name of the child. 'Rosalind,' said the father. 'Rosalind!' was the reply; I never heard such a name: how do you spell it?' 'Oh,' was the rejoinder; 'As you like it.'

A few years ago the poster of a local

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newspaper advertised: 'Mans laughter! Serious charge.' So it seemed, as the word 'Manslaughter' had got divided. Enjoyers of the loud guffaw might almost contend that the poster was justified. For, while our appreciation of a jest is not less, we hope, then that of our fathers, the tribute of loud laughter is seldom heard. Polite society prefers to follow the advice of the preacher of 'Ecclesiastes': 'The wise man will scarce smile a little.' And there is always the danger hinted at in the preface to Boswell's great book: 'Boys, let us be grave: here comes a fool.'

THE WAR AND THE NOVELISTS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

THE effect of the war upon poets and poetry has been examined at length and repeatedly. It has also been very much misinterpreted and very much exaggerated; for up to now it has done little beyond bringing into prominence a movement that was preparing long before. But the effect — in some ways, the sinister effect — of the war on the profession and the art of novel-writing has not been analyzed so often or with so much care and it deserves attention. The novel has never been fully mastered in England. Until quite recently, our writers of fiction have all been more or less gifted amateurs; and the war came at the critical moment when it seemed that some of them might qualify for inclusion in a different class. For this reason, it meant more, immediately —

we do not know what will happen ultimately — to the novel than to poetry, in which it was too late for any merely material upheaval to initiate or to destroy a movement.

I must confess that it seems to me that the uncomfortable position in which our novelists at present find themselves has been engineered by a sort of poetic justice. Consider for a moment how they stood when the war first took them. It is a solemn thought that on every day of our lives somewhere several novelists are sitting down to begin new novels. There are enough of them for that. And it follows, therefore, that when the war broke out quite a considerable number of novelists in various parts of the country were about three-quarters of the way through with the books they

had in hand — their fingers actually busy with the loosening of the knots. It was only human in them, of course, when that event found them despairing — as most of the trade do despair towards the end of the work, that they should see in the rendering of Europe a heaven-sent deliverance. The war was forthwith made to do duty in a variety of ways. It was only to be expected, of course, that it should kill off villains, heroes, and heroines in great numbers. *C'était son métier*. But it soon rose to the level of more complicated functions than these. It threw separated husbands and wives precipitately into one another's arms or into the arms of other people, it redeemed black sheep, it rescued young men from undesirable entanglements, it removed parental opposition to desirable betrothals, it restored broken friendships, it proved the hero a hero, and the villain a poltroon, by the simplest of all tests, and — the most cynical touch — it restored family businesses which had been on their last legs through many chapters. It was not long before one began to recognize the marks of a novel which had been begun, say, in February and finished in November, 1914. One saw, when the middle of the book had been passed, feverish attempts on the part of the author to fix certain dates on the reader's attention.

As a rule, a novelist, unless he goes all out after atmosphere or is a specialist in, say, wild flowers, does not care much in what month his characters get themselves involved in the necessary entanglements. But in these books the authors took care to explain that the complicated emotional gyrations they were describing took place in July and at no other time of the year; and the more cunning of them dropped hints about Ulster and the threat of civil war. Some grew infinitely skilful in this matter, the most

delicate of all being the writer who sent his hero to look at the Book Fair in Leipzig. These were the first sprinklings from the storm-cloud. One knew that danger threatened when the author let fall such sentences as these: 'Roderick took little heed when on Monday [observe the increasing exactitude, this being Monday, July 27th] old Quarles spoke to him in the club about the likelihood of the Balkan trouble involving the whole of Europe. "What Balkan trouble?" Roderick wondered vaguely. He contented himself with the reflection that Quarles had always been a scaremonger; and he went to meet Emily with a light heart.' Then came August 4th, and Roderick either did or did not join the army, and his marriage to, or elopement with, or divorce from, Emily, was postponed or averted or precipitated, precisely as the author's peculiar requirements might dictate.

A great deal of this sort of thing happened. Even a number of distinguished artists fell victims to the temptation, some of them, apparently, under the delusion that the device was the product of their own genius and that it had not occurred to anyone else. But when these novels were finished and published, and still, contrary to all expectation, the war continued, the position seemed to them a little less delightful. But the war, though no longer merely an exciting topsy-turvy of all things, still held the first place in every man's thoughts. It seemed impossible to write about anything else; and very few made the attempt. Mr. Wells, for example, produced *Mr. Brilling Sees It Through* as automatically as though Providence had dropped a world-conflict into his particular slot; and, oddly enough, under the stress of powerful excitement he wrote a very good book. Some authors, no doubt, were visited by

what Mallarmé called 'the caressing dream,' not, as in Mallarmé's case, of making a really good translation of Poe, but of writing *the* great war novel.

It was not until 1916 or so that the novelists found that the duration of the struggle was dragging them into a very serious difficulty. They had themselves, by concentrating on contemporary events, helped to widen and emphasize the gulf which now separates us from all that happened before August, 1914. They had, therefore, three courses open to them. They could write a definitely historical novel of pre-war days, in which case they laid themselves open to the risk of forgetting what the fashions were then and when taxis were introduced, or of making their heroes walk down Kingsway before Kingsway was opened — historical inaccuracies more easily corrected by critics than any little mistake about the court of Charles II. Or, if they liked, they could devote their ingenuity to devising reasons for the retention of their heroes in civilian life.

It is not remarkable, perhaps, that this war should have obsessed the public imagination more than any other war recorded in history. It is equally not remarkable that this obsession should have shown itself with overwhelming force in contemporary literature. It is hard, indeed, to see how novelists could have had the strength of will to ignore the new factor in life which was turning all life's landmarks upside down. A novelist, like any other imaginative writer, uses his own experience; and it is no exaggeration to say, perhaps, that many who have remained in civil life have never experienced private emotions of an intensity equal to that of the public emotions which they have suffered since the end of July, 1914. For those who have passed through the army the im-

pression has been, of course, even deeper. It is hard, therefore, to reproach such writers as, for example, Mr. Francis Brett Young, for dealing crudely and prematurely with material which has not presented itself to them with artistic necessity. The war does not come to us in such a way. It comes to us, whether we are bored or excited by it, as something that fills the world and forces itself on our attention at every turn. It is something we cannot avoid, since there is probably no person in Europe whose actions and plans are not to some extent conditioned by it. To demand of the artist that he shall ignore it is equivalent to demanding of him that he shall empty his work of all personality and of all that is the result of personal experiences in his capacity as a human being and that he shall replace these things by 'pure art' — whatever that may be.

It would be absurd, of course, to argue that the war has not yet produced any good novels. *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* is a strong point to the contrary — though even this would have been, perhaps, a better book, less diffuse and more penetrating, if it had been written from memory instead of from the excitements of the moment. It would be equally absurd to lay it down as a rule that the war may not be invoked to act as the machinery in a novel. In Miss Rebecca West's *Return of the Soldier* the war plays a perfectly appropriate part in bringing about a psychological situation which could have been contrived, but much less conveniently, in some other way. It would be most absurd of all to pretend that we have no novelists who are capable of ignoring the war. Mr. Frank Swinnerton's *Nocturne* and Mr. J. D. Beresford's *God's Counterpoint* are distinct cases in contradiction — not to mention Mr. Conrad. But, for

all these entries on the credit side, the fact remains that the war intervened at a moment when a young school of English writers was just beginning to feel its way towards conscious manipulation of the novel as a form of art. They had learned from innumerable

Land and Water

sources, from Turgenev, from Flaubert, from Henry James, from Mr. Conrad; and they seemed on the point of manifesting their own independent merit. Now they have been diverted from their true aim; and it is not certain whether they will ever recover it.

THE TANK AT HOME

BY CICELY HAMILTON

It was on the rolling sweep of a high French down that, a month or two back, I watched the tanks learning their job, making ready for their coming crawl to victory: that mingled triumph of dragon-fly and toad, the powers of the earth, earthly, assisted by the powers of the air.

In the rear of the line the powers of the earth were practising the feats of the battlefield on ground laid out for their manœuvres; were displaying the clambering, the turning and lurching that should one day be turned to good account. I had seen tanks singly and even seen them crawl; but this was the first time I had met them in numbers and watched them drilling in a herd.

To speak by the book, it was the men aboard the monsters who were learning their job, the management and fighting of a tank; but when the men aboard are concealed in the mud-colored body, when the creature seemingly disports itself unguided, you credit the plunging, lurching entity with a mind and volition of its own.

For all its obvious resemblance to a

toad it is not an unpleasant personality; to my thinking the herd lumbered amiably enough on the field laid out for their gambols, and their individuality was less threatening than kindly grotesque. For the time being they exercised in peace and spat no venom of projectile; they perambulated solemnly hither and thither to accustom the crews to their pace and their antics, and the warm confinement of the armor-plated, oily interior. Backwards and forwards, a dozen at a time, they met and plodded past and round each other; printing wide double tracks with their caterpillar wheels till the soil was a maze of crossed patterns.

The dissimilarity of their movements and behavior increased the animal resemblance; for while one would play quietly in a corner of the field, another would show off its paces by a journey from end to end — while a third and a fourth were climbing the bank at one side of the playground and turning to lumber down again. And the tank active was not the only tank on the scene — other dozens, quiescent, were ranged on the edge of

the camp. Benevolently ugly and squatting in line, they looked on while their comrades drilled.

The boy lieutenant who showed off their tricks complained with some bitterness that the drill ground was in need of improvement; it was altogether too smooth and easy, was lacking in serviceable craters. But with the uninitiated, such as myself, the obstacles his charges crawled up, slid down and lurched over were sufficiently steep to amaze. And what was also amazing in a beast of such clumsy exterior was the gentleness of many of its movements; it would take an incline, artificially sharpened, with a mighty whirring internally; it would clamber up the slope with a sideway motion that seemed certain to end in loss of balance — till, gravity defied, it stood reared above the crest with its snout pointing upward to the sky. . . . And then, at the moment you expected a thud, very quietly the snout descended and the beast was balanced on the level. No shock, no awkward lurch or jar — just a delicate adjustment of poise. And, in the same way, when he lumbered back to take the slope from the top; the body protruded till it overhung the edge, and then quietly altered its alignment to begin the downward crawl.

The whippets, the newer and nimbler tanklets, were not out on the course that day; it was only the heavier and slower variety that ambled and climbed for our benefit. But to eyes unaccustomed to the monster's movements even the heavier and slower variety gave an unexpected if deceptive, impression of speed. For the first few minutes I judged the creatures to be proceeding at the pace

of a man on the run, or rather trot, and I only realized how wide was my error when an instructor, walking backwards in front of a tank, conversed through the porthole with the crew. The beast did not slacken, and I held my breath a moment, but the man kept his distance without difficulty, whereby I knew that my sight had misled me and the pace was half of my guess.

The mistake, I saw, was due to watching the mechanism of the caterpillar wheels, which moves comparatively swiftly, and carries the eye along with it. But for pace we were referred to the newer whippet, with regret that it was not on parade. Judging by the fondness with which it was mentioned I gather that its achievements have surprised no soldier who wears the white badge on his sleeve.

In mercy, I conclude, to the beginner in tankcraft, not every monster had its crew concealed from sight; there were one or two among the herd whose men and mechanism were alike revealed by removal of the armor-plated sides. What the onlooker lost in illusion he gained in knowledge, and in sympathy, saw the tight-packed crew of some seven or eight, saw their manner of perching round the engine and the pilot guiding his charge. And reflected, further, on the atmosphere when all these things were bottled up — on the scent of humanity, explosive and oil, on the heat and the ear-splitting noise.

We left them still at it, the active dozen and their crews, crawling hither and thither on the high French down, with their motionless comrades watching them.

MR. HEWLETT'S NEW POEM*

It has been remarked before that Mr. Hewlett is a poet who grows the better the greater the length he fills. His most successful work up to now has been his long and ambitious *Song of the Plow*. His latest composition is a poem of thirteen or fourteen hundred lines, a compass which gives him the opportunities he requires; and he has taken these opportunities, and produced a poem of great beauty. It is a lament put into the mouth of a young village woman whose husband, a shepherd, is killed in the war, and whose child dies soon afterwards.

For such a work Mr. Hewlett's style has one obvious defect. His vocabulary contains a store of words which would, at the best, seem affected, and which are particularly inappropriate in the village wife's mouth. They are precious and 'poetical' words; and though they do not by any means form the staple of Mr. Hewlett's diction, the reader is liable on any page to discover a 'haut king' or to learn that 'the bee pills nothing for himself,' or that 'many a sapless ghost wails in sorrow-fare.' In another writer these sudden excursions into Wardour Street might very well destroy any effect at which he aimed; but it is the peculiar triumph of Mr. Hewlett's sincerity that here these blemishes no more disturb the reader's enjoyment of the poem than might so many misprints. They are, indeed, forgotten as soon as read, though they are especially out of place in a piece of which straightforwardness, simplicity and sincerity are the main virtues. It was no easy task to make the village wife utter her complaint credibly and touchingly in fifty

pages of verse. To have made her do so in spite of the handicap of these unfortunate words is a feat which, while in itself it reflects no credit on Mr. Hewlett's talent and gives no special pleasure to the reader, does admirably prove the reality of the feeling underlying the poem.

And, in fact, the sorrowful little tale is told with a touching and convincing simplicity. Nancy has no more to say than that she was one of a family of five girls, that she fell in love and went away into service before the young man spoke, that at last he wrote to her and called for her, that they were married and were happy for a little while, that her man joined the army and was killed, that afterwards her baby was born and soon died. But her complaint is made with a verisimilitude, a grace and tenderness and pathos that must be experienced to be fully understood and cannot be conveyed by description or quotation. As is very usual with Mr. Hewlett's best work, the appeal of the poem is in itself as a whole; and the most beautiful passages are less remarkable when extracted than in their proper place. This is due in part no doubt to the peculiar rhythms of Mr. Hewlett's versification, which have a cumulative rather than a sudden, effect. But it is also due to the fact that Mr. Hewlett has successfully conceived his composition as a whole, and given to a long poem the unity and consistency of a song. Yet there are stanzas which may be quoted, in default of a better method of indicating the poem's beauty. Those which describe Nancy's childhood are of a particular grace and truth:

**The Village Wife's Lament*. By Maurice Hewlett. Secker. 3s. 6d. net.

That little old house that seems to stoop
 Yellow under thatch,
 Like a three-sided chicken-coop,
 Where, if you watch,
 You'll see the starlings go and come
 All a spring morn —
 Half of that is my old home
 Where I was born.

... How we did do on Father's money
 Is more than I can tell;
 There was the money from the honey,
 And Mother's work as well;
 For she did work with no more rest
 Than the buzzing bees,
 And the sight I knew and lov'd the best
 Was Mother on her knees.

The verses in which Nancy tells how
 the thought of her love first came to
 her are more moving:

On winter mornings dark and hard,
 White from aching bed,
 There were the huddled fowls in yard
 All to be red.
 My frozen breath stream'd from my lips,
 The cows were hid in steam;
 I lost sense of my finger-tips
 And milkt in a dream.

My drowsy cheek fast to her side,
 The pail below my arm,
 My thought leapt what might me betide,
 And soon I was warm.
 For that gave me a beating heart
 And made me hot thro',
 As when you reckon, with a start,
 Someone speaks of you.

And in a fiercer, more painful, sort,
 there is the dream in which Nancy sees
 her man in France:

Along the limits of the wood,
 A green bank full of holes,
 With lichen'd stumps which lean'd or
 stood
 Like crazy channel poles:
 'T was there I saw my love's drawn face,
 A face of paper-white,
 Wherein just for a choking space
 His eyes shone burning bright;

Then faded, and an eyeless man,
 He crawled along the wood,
 And from his hair a black line ran
 And broaden'd into blood.
 It was not horror of him wrong'd,
 It was not pity mov'd me;
 It was, those tortur'd eyes belong'd
 To one who'd never lov'd me.

These are not the only vivid pictures
 which illuminate the poem. There are
 sketches of the school-children play-
 ing, of the servants in the town house
 where Nancy takes a place, of the
 shepherd (her lover), and of the coun-
 try in which they lived, which are as
 admirably done, and might also be
 transcribed here were there space
 enough.

But neither these, nor those which
 have been quoted, beautiful though
 they are, are adequate as specimens of
 a whole which so much transcends
 the sum of its parts. Mr. Hewlett has
 written a real English pastoral, not
 less lovely or charming because ulti-
 mately its color is more sombre than
 that which one usually looks for in pas-
 toral poetry. He observes in a note
 that: 'I have put into the mouth of my
 village wife thoughts which she may
 never have formulated, but which, I
 am very sure, lie in her heart, too deep
 for any utterance but that of tears. If
 I know anything of village people I
 know this: that they shape their lives
 according to nature, and are outraged
 to the root of their being by the frus-
 tration of nature's laws and the stul-
 tification of man's function in the
 scheme of things.' The poem is there-
 fore not to be understood as in any
 way an expression of the author's re-
 sentment against the fact of war. It
 is too truly a work of art to be that.
 It is rather a faithful expression of one
 of the facts of war; and it can only be
 taken secondarily as a tract against
 the 'madness which has procured the
 greatest disaster of recorded time.' It
 owes its validity as a work of art to the
 fact that it truly represents a true con-
 ception of a certain emotion in a cer-
 tain spirit in certain surroundings;
 and perhaps it would be best to read it
 only as this and to be thankful for a
 great poem. Yet the secondary con-
 sideration must be noticed, if only be-

cause all fine works of art, however intended, do touch the spirit to ethical judgments and resolutions. In this aspect it is a passionate protest against aggressive war, a pathetic, but not half-hearted, acceptance of 'defensive war, of war to save the lives of our children, of war to save humanity it-

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self.' But it derives its value as a comment on history from its value as a poetic conception; and of this value two opinions are scarcely possible. It is a noble and lovely poem, one of the most beautiful produced by the war, and the crown of Mr. Hewlett's achievement.

COLD COMFORT

WE have often heard it said that none but fools and paupers are ever cold. A man rich enough not to be hungry is rich enough to be warm; *i.e.*, if he really desires warmth he will give up something to get it. Hitherto no one has sat down to read in a dim light unless he preferred to do so, and very few people do prefer it except certain women who are willing to sacrifice their sight to their looks. But now all this must be changed. We are told by competent authorities that we must not expect this winter to have good fires or unlimited light, and we are even told that it will be unpatriotic of us townspeople if we arrange by means of oil and candles to get as much light as we can. 'Bury the poker,' says the housekeeper, 'make a single light do, and waste neither coal, gas, oil, nor electricity upon a mere appearance of cheerfulness.' This is, we think, the hardest restriction that we have yet been called upon to bear. A meagre dinner would make a dull end to a long day if it were the end, but after dinner beside a good fire and a good lamp we were last cold weather quite as content as though we had eaten better. Poor food, a poor fire, and a bad light form a depressing prospect. It is bet-

ter to face it in all its dimness. When people are willing to make a sacrifice for a cause it is no good to assure them that they will find it a pleasure. It does not enhance the cause, it does not deceive any one, and it irritates a good many. On the other hand, if we accept this disagreeable restriction in good part it is not impossible that we shall get some advantage out of it, some entertainment, and some changes of custom which may not be for the worse.

We do not at all agree with the didactic person who tells us that we shall now learn in the school of experience what the poor suffer. People who live all together in very small quarters, who never have more than one living room, and have successfully resisted the fresh-air doctrine, are not likely to be very cold. The working man, moreover, in times past went to the public-house when he was uncomfortable at home, and we suppose that his better-off brethren will now adopt a like, though not an identical, expedient. We should venture to prophesy that all places of entertainment will be fuller than ever this winter, clubs will be crowded, and a certain amount of social life among ordinary people will

revive. It will become the fashion to say, 'Let us go out and save the fire.' We heard only this week of a set of people in a far suburb in which social life has been for a long time at a standstill who are now eagerly arranging a round of evening visiting. A roaring fire is a delightful sight, and it will certainly warm three families, who will also be able to permit themselves a treble allowance of light. Whether the edifice of hospitality can stand firm on any foundation but that of food remains to be seen. 'Fireside parties' would be a good name for these dinnerless entertainments. The experiment may fail, but we believe it will be widely tried. The only objection to the plan if it succeeds will be the temptation it offers to the guests to sit up too late, and so to burn too much fuel. The temptation will be strengthened by the fact that it will be the duty of all those whose work need not be begun early to lie long in bed. It is quite impossible to do housework and prepare breakfast in the dark. Indeed, it is impossible to get through such duties satisfactorily without a fair amount of light. Sitting rooms will have to be 'done' after breakfast, and in many small households breakfast will have to be eaten in the kitchen. English home life has been lived in compartments, and the segregation of the various groups which form a large household depends upon fires. Nurseries, schoolrooms, drawing rooms, kitchens, pantries, and smoking rooms have been homes within homes. Somehow or other they will have, at least in a measure, to amalgamate. Simpler people have the same ideal of life as the rich. Unlike the French, they have an instinctive dislike to be too closely quartered, and they do not wish, even the most affectionate parents of the middle class do not wish, to have their children always

about them. In this respect the nerves of the educated Frenchwoman must be stronger than those of her English sisters. Schoolrooms will be shut up and preparatory schools will flourish this winter, we feel sure. The war has inevitably struck a hard blow at home life, at any rate as it was conceived in the middle class. It is not so much that the men are away as that the women are at work. Absence of servants is, however, already leading many of them to consider whether in these days of difficult housekeeping they cannot do as much for the country in their own houses as outside them. If the home is to be cold as well as empty, the children of to-day will preserve but a sad recollection of their childhood.

Among the smaller effects of the coal regulations will be, we fancy, a noticeable modification of the fashions in the matter of dress. It is only within the last few years that the indoor dress of women who are able to spend a moderate amount upon their clothes has ostentatiously refused to suit itself to the season. The fashion must have been set by the very rich, whose houses are warmed throughout, and has always been an absurd one for plain people, who must go in and out of cold passages and pass through unwarmed rooms. It is odd that the small rich class of society whom we may call the 'central heaters' should have been content to continue so long to set an example which has been so widely followed. As a rule they like to preserve more element of shibboleth in their decrees. Now they will be constrained to sacrifice elegance to comfort, and even their most devoted imitators will be glad to be relieved of the necessity of suffering in order to be fine. We should not wonder if a great many sensible but rather intolerant people will be shocked this year by the amount

spent upon clothes. Young people with money will spend it, and in view of the hard and sustained work that they have been doing it seems unnecessarily severe to grudge them the excuse the indoor cold will give them for new feathers. Meanwhile it is the old who will really suffer from the shortage of fuel. The sick will be given an extra allowance. We believe, however, that they will grumble less than any one. Old people have shown an enthusiasm for the war which makes them ready for any sacrifice. Kept by want of physical strength out of the hard work which has distracted and preoccupied younger people, they have suffered loneliness, neglect, and all the trials of change with a marvelous courage. They would, we think, have been the last to give in had fortune favored our foes, and they have listened to accusations of fierceness, made half in fun, but half ruefully, with the good temper of the absolutely convinced and determined. No, it is not the old who will complain of the cold. There is a small class of people belonging to all ages upon whom the new regulations will fall very hardly, and that is the constitutionally bad sleepers. It will add a terror to the night to feel that they cannot freely turn on a light

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and read, and even without reading it is far less wearisome to lie awake in the light than in the darkness. Perhaps they will succumb to the temptation and make up for their self-indulgence within 'the warm [or less bitterly cold] precincts of the cheerful day.'

Food restrictions have one very great advantage over fuel restrictions — they are a much better topic of conversation. There is no doubt that cooking lends itself to talk far better than the weather. Persons who discuss cooking in an intelligent spirit may be led on to talk of the past and the future of foreign lands and strange customs, hospitable boards and good company. Eating enters into the pleasant recollections of every man, and in these hungry days it cannot long be far from any one's thoughts, and a man need not be considered a reprehensible gourmet if he sometimes finds himself talking of what he will eat when the war is over. Fuel, however, offers no such opportunity for chat. A good fire is a companion. Whoever sits by it and follows its flickerings is not quite alone or quite unoccupied, but he will find little or nothing to say about it, except perhaps to declare his undying sympathy with fire-worship as a form of religion.

THE POETRY OF WOMEN*

WOMEN might complain of poetic, as many have complained of worldly, conventions, that they are 'man-made.' Some men, too, have objected against women that they follow blindly conventions unnatural to them. Who was it that found fault with the perpetually lying pronoun in the love-poetry of women? He disliked to read in a woman's verse:

I built a bower for my love
As soft as she is sweet and soft,

He would have preferred her to write:

I built a bower for my love
As strong as he is tough and strong.

But can this problem be solved by the mere masculinization of pronouns and qualities? It was not so that Sappho and Christina Rossetti solved it; and it would not be easy to point to many more who have produced perfect work which is at the same time recognizably the work of women. It is too intellectual a way round a difficulty which does not arise only from the intellect. Miss McLeod bravely uses it in many of her pieces; and in her hands it fails. She is palpably honest when she writes:

Since Love has spared me on fair earth to live,

Given me joy to make me more than clay,
Given me my beloved, from whom streams
My light, my life; for all Love's gifts I give
My life in his, to bring men's night to day,
My brain, heart, hands, to serve men's nobler dreams.

So far as the emotional tone of that is concerned, it might have been written

by a man of a woman; and had this been the case, the fact that it is too derivative to be a faithful expression of the writer's own feelings would not have been so apparent. Miss McLeod's method, though she uses it well and bravely, will not do. It reveals the fact that women poets are handicapped by the smallness of their number throughout the ages.

There is another theory which is often propounded either as a guide to the future or an explanation of the past. Women, it is argued, are never artists; but some of the more overwhelming personalities among them have happened to express themselves in verse rather than — the theorists somehow often manage to suggest that they mean 'rather than in hysterics.' The formidable shade of Elizabeth Barrett — assuredly a great woman, assuredly a most imperfect poet — rises in support of this useful hypothesis. Yet against her sonorous phantom come the cases in which women have been conspicuous for the finish and perfection of their work. Christina Rossetti is one. The author of *Rhymes with Reasons* is another. This little pamphlet of verses about the war is not, of course, comparable to her best work, which is perhaps the reason why she does not sign it. When she writes:

There's something mellowier than the moon
Shines through the apple trees,
Flickers in village and in town,
Is ambient on the ivory Down,
More buoyant than the breeze.

A hundred thousand English Ghosts,
The Dead who died in fight,
Promoted now to Michael's hosts,
Stand sentry over English coasts,
Walk English lanes to-night.

* *The Darkest Hour*. By Irene Rutherford McLeod. (Chatto and Windus.) 5s. net. *The Sad Years*. By Dora Sigerson. (Constable.) 5s. net. *Rhymes with Reasons*. By the author of *Aunt Sarah and the War*. (Burns and Oates.) 1s. net. *Twenty*. By Stella Benson. (Macmillan.) 3s. 6d. net. *Coal and Candlelight*. By Helen Parry Eden. (Lane.) 3s. 6d. net.

They breast the immemorial hill;
 They hear the whinnying mare.
 'O, who goes there, for well or ill?'
 They answer, 'Friends — and fighting still
 Your battle elsewhere';

she is not giving us great poetry. But in every line sounds quite plainly the accent of the poet whose vocation has been strong enough and special enough to make for itself its own adequate medium of expression. She is — if the phrase will not be misunderstood — a professional poet; and her best verses are neither divine nor poignant failures.

The same is true — almost as true as regards the adequacy of means, though less as regards inspiration — of Miss Benson and Mrs. Eden. Miss Benson's verses are clever rather than profound. But they are very clever; and they are written with a precision which displays a real sense of the values of the material. In her charge 'To the Unborn':

Call no man foe, but never love a stranger,
 Build up no plan, nor any star pursue.
 Go forth with crowds; in loneliness is
 danger,
 Thus nothing God can send,
 And nothing God can do
 Shall pierce your peace, my friend;

there is more phrasing, perhaps, than vivid feeling; but the phrasing has its own value, which is consistent throughout this small book. The same qualities of precision and nicety of language are put to an even more appropriate use in Mrs. Eden's poems about cats and dogs and children; and though she does not always choose these subjects, she remains always on this level of unassumingness in her manner. And

The Westminster Gazette

this manner, appropriate as it is for cats, dogs and children, serves her well when she comes to write in a much more serious vein, as in the beautiful 'Afterthought on Apples,' which ends:

And yet, O God,
 Tumble me not at last upon the sod,
 Or, still superb above my fallen kind,
 Grant not my golden rind
 To the black starlings screaming in the
 mist.

Nay, rather on some gentle day and bland
 Give Thou Thyself my stalk a little twist,
 Dear Lord, and I shall fall into Thy hand.

The inquiries what sort of poetry women do write and what sort they should write do not, it appears, lead to any very clear conclusion. Hard and fast sex distinctions are generally misleading, outside physiology; but Miss McLeod shows pretty definitely that the mere reversal of men's poetry is too deliberate a means ever to be successful. The alternative theory that women achieve poetry as the village fiddler told Ole Bull he got his harmonies, by main force, has some brilliant examples to support it, but does not seem satisfactory. All that can be said is that the best women write poetry as individual women, neither concealing their sex nor consciously voicing it. It is the plan that Miss Benson and Mrs. Eden and the author of *Rhymes with Reasons* naturally follow. There is no moral to be drawn from it, except that women poets should not be self-conscious and that critics should avoid making them so. But this is a counsel of perfection, applicable to all poets and all critics on all occasions.

THE BOATS OF THE ALBACORE

BY C. FOX SMITH

'FIVE boats there was,' said Bristol Tom, 'in the steamship Albacore —
She used to sail on the Far East run, 'tween Hull an' Singapore —
Four under davits an' one on chocks; you could n't ask no more,

'But one was smashed at the davits, an' the same shell killed 'er crew,
An' one got tangled up in the falls an' stove, an' that was two,
An' the one as was lashed went down with the ship, she could n't 'elp but do.

'There was nine got clear in the captain's boat, but we missed 'er by-and-by,
For there was n't a light in the whole black night nor a star in the bloomin' sky,
An' the Lord 'e knows where them chaps went, an' the sea as saw them die.

'An' seven men in the quarter-boat there was that went away —
Seven men in an open boat a-knockin' around the Bay,
In the wind an' rain that bit to the bone, an' dollops o' freezin' spray.

'Seven men in a leaky boat with neither oars nor sail —
We done our best with a len'th o' spar an' a rag of an old shirt-tail,
An' we took it in turns to watch an' steer, an' sleep a bit an' bale.

'Seven men in an open boat, an' the fifth day dawnin' red,
When a drifter picked 'er up at last, due South o' Lizard 'ead —
Seven men in an open boat, two livin' an' five dead.

'An' the two that was livin' they'd signed again afore a month was through;
They'd signed an' sailed for to take their chance as a seaman's bound to do;
An' one went West when the Runnymede was mined with all her crew;

An' God 'elp Fritz when we meet,' said Tom, 'for I was one o' the two!'

Punch

WAR-TIME FINANCE

BRITISH AND AMERICAN SHIPBUILDING

'FOR the first time in history,' runs a brief message from Washington, 'America has out-distanced England in her shipbuilding output.' One may perhaps doubt — for reasons which will be given — whether during the first eight months of this year the Americans have put into actual service a greater mercantile tonnage (gross) than we have done. But there is no doubt at all that if they have not yet surpassed us they very soon will. The Americans have had very largely to construct a shipbuilding industry, and before they could get to work on the ships have been obliged first to build shipyards, slips, and marine engine shops, and to train the men who were required to work in them. It followed that they were slow in seeing their efforts bear fruit in completed ships, and that even now hulls are being launched more quickly than those already launched are being equipped for sea. The American programme was too splendidly ambitious to be realized, but by aiming at the impossible our energetic Allies have achieved the nearly impossible.

The American and British figures of shipbuilding are not readily comparable. The Americans give their output in 'dead-weight tons,' while our Admiralty publishes figures for British and Allied and neutral building in 'gross tons.' Again, the telegrams from America are not always explicit in distinguishing between ships launched and still to be fitted out, and ships which have been delivered for service. The Admiralty's

monthly figures of British building are of ships 'completed and entered for service.' In order to reduce American 'dead-weight tons' to 'gross tons,' we must deduct one-third. The 'gross tonnage' of a ship is the measurement at 100 cubic feet to the ton of enclosed space. The 'dead-weight tonnage' is the cargo-carrying capacity in tons of 40 cubic feet. For practical purposes, when one is dealing with masses of cargo shipping, and not with individual ships, the gross tonnage increased by 50 per cent gives the dead-weight tonnage. The Americans have adopted this formula in dealing with our figures of gross tonnage, so that we must use the corresponding one — a reduction of one-third — in dealing with their figures of dead-weight tonnage. In Great Britain there were completed and entered for service during the first eight months of this year 1,029,869 gross tons of new ships. In the United States it is claimed that during the same period their output was the equivalent of 1,090,936 gross tons. Here, then, we have Great Britain beaten 'for the first time in history' by the American shipbuilders if — and it is a large if — 'output' means the same thing as 'completed and entered for service.' A ship launched is a ship on the way towards completion, but it may be some time before the final entry into service has to be recorded.

That the fitting out process may consume much time is well shown by another telegram from Washington. The launchings in the United States between April, 1917, and August 31, 1918, are given as 605 vessels, totaling 3,238,358 dead-weight tons (that

is, 2,158,906 gross tons). Deliveries for the same period were 335 vessels, totalling 2,018,391 dead-weight tons (that is, 1,345,594 gross tons). So that in tonnage the deliveries, what the Admiralty calls vessels completed and entered for service, were not quite two-thirds of the launchings. Deliveries will become much quicker as the new American shipbuilding industry settles down; it has worked wonders, and will certainly surpass our own before long if it has not already done so.

British shipping, still in magnitude far beyond that of any of the Allies, is declining; it is still being sunk faster than it is being replaced. American shipping, on the other hand, is rapidly expanding, and has already turned the scale against the U-boats. The American Army in France as it is reinforced must become more and more dependent upon American ships for transport and supply. Up to the end of July the net loss in British shipping due to enemy action and marine risks since August, 1914, had been 3,851,537 gross tons. During the current year to July 31, we have lost 583,600 gross tons more than we have built. British sea power, the power to use the sea as measured in merchant shipping, is wasting. On the other hand, the net gain since August, 1914, in Allied and neutral shipping — to which the United States have largely contributed — was nearly 1,100,000 tons at the end of June this year, and was showing a very remarkable rate of expansion. Thanks chiefly to the United States, the Allied and neutral monthly gain now more than offsets the British loss. The critical corner has been turned. To those whose eyes look beyond the war, and who already anticipate a great American mercantile marine in competition with depleted British lines, we would point

out that after all its losses British merchant shipping still amounts to over 14,000,000 tons gross, and that America's ocean-going tonnage built and completing — exclusive of captures — is, as yet, little more than 4,000,000. What the relative positions will be a year hence — or two years hence, should the war last so long — we do not venture to predict.

The Economist

INDUSTRIAL FATIGUE

IN trade and technical journals, which are conducted mainly in the interests of employers, much stress has been laid on the evils of the 'stint' system, or the system of voluntary restriction of output by workmen. The extent to which the system operates has, however, been exaggerated, and the ideas in the minds of those who did put it into force have not in actual practice proved as unfounded as interested parties have often attempted to make out. The workers' argument, in a nutshell, was that the more work was left undone the greater would be the demand for their labor in order to complete it. The argument was natural in a period when Capital and Labor were organized in two hostile camps, and when anything of advantage to one was of necessity deemed detrimental to the other. The ultimate community of interests of both the capitalist and the wage-earner was overlooked, and in the ensuing struggle each party used weapons which would ultimately have proved as destructive to themselves as to their opponents. The war supervened, and the call of patriotism led to the scrapping of employers' prejudices and employees' restrictions. All difficulties have not been smoothed over, and, with a view to removing such as remain, we have already dealt with the

principles which should ensure a complete and harmonious coöperation between the hitherto conflicting claims of the two economic classes. The demand which still persists in many quarters for a restoration of trade-union conditions after the war shows that Labor is loath to surrender any of its offensive weapons until the good intentions of Capital have been demonstrated beyond all question. Hence the controversy goes on, and in its heat we are apt to forget the obvious. Perhaps no subject so intimately connected with industry has received so little attention in these countries, and indeed, in the other manufacturing countries of the world, as the subject of industrial fatigue. Yet its connection with the productive capacity of the nation is so close that it would well repay the deepest study. The question is not a medical one, since it has no primary reference to bodily sensations. It refers principally to the decreased capacity for work, whether due to causes peculiar to the worker himself or to causes which affect him in the factory or in the home. To some extent a reference to medical knowledge will be unavoidable, since work is but the resultant of a series of what might be called physiological forces acting in the same direction. There is, first, the will, as implicit in the mechanism of the brain. This will acts through the nerves, which in turn control the muscles. The actions of all are dependent on changes connected with metabolism and katabolism in the human body, and to this extent the study of industrial fatigue, like the study of sanitary engineering, will be concerned largely with the best methods of preventing harmful accumulations, in this case in any part of the body, and tending to interfere with the receptivity of the worker, and so to diminish his output. The

economic interest of the question is obvious. The value of any results that might be arrived at as a result of careful tests would be very high, not only for the student, but for the managers of large concerns who are daily called upon to deal with questions of labor management. In a rudimentary manner we have already shown recognition of this factor of fatigue by instituting an eight-hours' day in certain trades, and generally by reducing the number of hours of work per day and granting a weekly half-holiday.

To maintain the worker at his maximum efficiency is the employer's interest, and is, or ought to be, the employee's also. Looking at our post-war position from a national, and not from an international, point of view, the questions that will confront us will be, generally speaking, economic, not political. In economic matters Labor is admittedly the largest single factor. In the circumstances we must do what we can to protect and promote the efficiency of Labor, not forgetting that we ourselves are laborers, and that we should lay to heart the lessons which we impart to others. All must improve, and in the general advance an opportunity must be sought to introduce union where formerly disunion existed. The discontent of the workers in the past was frequently due to the fact that they were, or considered themselves to be, 'driven.' Even if the full truth of the term be not allowed, overwork was responsible for the premature loss of many lives, for a permanent or temporary decrease in working capacity because of accidents, and for extensive loss of time. Moreover, the breakage of tools and materials, which in most large factories has come to be recognized as a serious but inevitable source of waste, is often an indication of fatigue or staleness, and could be avoided by a recasting of the

hours of work or some similar change. The monotony of much of the industrial work which has to be performed in the present age of machinery is unquestioned, and any method for introducing some enlivening factor or for stimulating interest would be welcome

alike to employer and workman. The whole problem of industrial fatigue is at present shrouded in obscurity, but the veil can easily be removed by patient investigations carried out under working conditions.

The Statist

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Lord Bryce has a new volume in the press entitled *Essays in War Time*, including several pamphlets and public addresses now brought together for the first time, as well as a considerable amount of new matter.

A new volume of reprinted and hitherto unpublished essays and sketches by E. V. Lucas is promised for early publication. It will be entitled *Twixt Eagle and Dove*, the contents being divided, as the title suggests, between peace and war.

One of the most widely popular of all the war poems is *Christ in Flanders*, which was originally published in the *Spectator* for September 11, 1915, and has been reprinted, times without number. It bore only the initials, 'L. W.' The author, it appears, is Mrs. L. Whitmell.

Horace Annesley Vachell's *The Soul of Susan Yellam*, published by Cassell, is a deftly done tale of an English village in war time — Wilts way — and of Susan Yellam's problem, the problem also of so many other mothers, 'How can there be a God of Love if he has let the war devour my only son?' Its pathos, its beauty,

and its ultimate hopefulness, when the deep waters have been passed, are touchingly framed in the dedication, 'To the memory of my son, Richard Tanfield Vachell, Captain, Fifth Fusiliers.'

Is this extract from a recent copy of the *Berliner Tageblatt* a straw that shows which way the wind is blowing in Germany?

It was in 19—. Three friends sat in a corner of the shelter, waiting in one accord for peace. And time and again recurred the subject of—the war. The first stroked with an air of dignity his graying full beard, and said: 'The world-war was a historical necessity. Entirely simple. We must hold out.'

A younger companion furrowed his smooth brow, shook his head, and replied: 'The world-war a necessity? On the contrary, it was a chance catastrophe, springing up from incalculable elements.'

The third, a guest who was pursuing the study of criminal law, spoke a more emphatic negative: 'I regard the world-war as the wretched machination of conscious criminals, a disease injected by ruthless tricks conjured by souls that think in terms of murder. I recall June, 1914'

Mr. B. W. Matz, for a long time editor of the *Dickensian*, must have found it a congenial task to write the

little book on *The George Inn, Southwark*, which Chapman & Hall have just published. It is a delightfully interesting account of one of the oldest among London's surviving old inns. 'The George' is, in fact, the last of the ancient galleried inns now left standing in London. Its history goes back over something like four centuries or so, and Mr. Matz not only describes minutely the interior and exterior of this famous hostelry, but has many interesting anecdotes to tell of people who in the old days and more recently have been among its frequenters. So far as Dickens's association with the inn is concerned, Mr. Matz makes out a clear case against various well-known writers who have labored under a delusion that 'The George' was the actual inn where Mr. Pickwick discovered Sam Weller, in spite of the fact that Dickens distinctly named 'The White Hart' as the Pickwickian inn, and 'The White Hart,' now shorn of its galleries, still exists in Southwark. Mr. Matz's pleasantly discursive book is excellently illustrated from old prints and photographs.

M. Albert Dauzat has published in Paris a compilation of French soldier slang, under the title *L'Argot de la Guerre*. For his material, M. Dauzat consulted the soldiers themselves, not his imagination and the most recent dictionary of pre-war *argot*. In response to his invitation in the *Journal de Suzette* (a characteristic name for the *Bulletin des Armées*) he received some two hundred more or less comprehensive vocabularies, with the soldiers' own glosses and definitions; and on the basis of this most valuable evidence he has given us the first scientific account of a phenomenon which will, without doubt, profoundly

modify the French language of the future. In one respect his analysis confirms the protest made by the soldiers against the invention of the armchair journalists. Though one third of the words with which he was supplied are certainly new, these are in the main multiple surnames for new things. The traveling kitchen, the steel helmet, the gas mask have, for instance, each been baptized some twenty times. These nicknames are often extremely witty, but they are too witty to become real words. And perhaps the only real words among all these names are the simplest. *La cuisine roulante* becomes simply *la roulante*, as the name for soup is *la bouillante*. The element which makes the thing new and important is thus immortalized. On the other hand, of the manifold names applied to the steel helmet hardly one indicates the material of which it is made. All the familiar Paris words for hat do duty, but not one is really as adequate to the innovation as the English 'tin hat.' Remarkable, however, among the new words is *Rosalie*, the bayonet. It is by far the most common term for that weapon in use among the soldiers, and yet according to M. Dauzat it is definitely known to have been originated by one who, in the view of the French soldier, is reckoned among the *bourreurs du crâne*. Since anyone who writes from the rear about or for the front belongs, in the sensitive judgment of the soldier, to that category, it implies no great disrespect to M. Théodore Botrel to declare that the success of his invention — *Rosalie* was launched in a song of his which appeared in the *Bulletin des Armées* in the autumn of 1914 — is little short of miraculous. It is the only creation of the civilian which has gained currency among the troops.

THE SECRET OF THE SHIPS

[The association between the two Services, the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine, has been so close during the war, whatever that association might have been before, that it seems to me almost incredible that it can ever be broken asunder.
—*Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss.*]

On their ventures in the service of a
Tudor King or Queen

All the ships were just as like as
they could be,

For the merchantman gave battle,
while the Royal ship was seen

As a not too simple trader over-
sea;

Being heirs to ancient customs, when
their upper sails came down

As a token of respect in passing
by,

They would add the salutation in a
language of their own,

'God speed you, we be sisters,
thou and I.'

As the centuries receded came a part-
ing of the ways

Till in time the separation went so
far

That a family was founded who were
traders all their days,

And another who were always men-
of-war;

But whene'er they dipped their colors,
one in faith, they understood —

And the sea, who taught them both,
could tell you why —

That the custom never altered, so the
greeting still held good,

'God speed you, we be sisters, thou
and I.'

Then in days of common sacrifice and
peril was it strange

That they ratified the union of the
past?

While their Masters, unsuspecting,
greatly marveled at the change,

But they prayed with all their souls
that it would last;

And the ships, who know the secret,
go rejoicing on their way,

For whatever be the ensign that
they fly,

Such as keep the seas with honor are
united when they pray,

'God speed you, we be sisters, thou
and I.'

Punch

THE DEBT

BY ARTHUR F. THORN
(Corporal)

For every inch of Sussex Down, and
every English flower;

For every spot where Beauty lives to
light this darkened hour;

For every winding English lane; for
every woodland glade —

Some English lad for England the
price in blood has paid.

For every inch of England, and all her
treasure too;

For men who yawn in West-end clubs,
and know not what they do;

For every *Matinée* and Show where
pleasure-seekers throng —

Some English lad has locked with
Death, and flung his Soul along.

For every Hope of England; for
Liberty and Peace;

For dreams of fairer England, when
War's Red Hell shall cease;

For those who greedily exploit the
merchandise of Hate —

Some English lad for England has
passed the Awful Gate.

For every child of England who died
in flood of Youth;

For every broken heart that seeks the
Everlasting Truth;

For every hour of anguish that tore
the baffled soul —

Let dreams of fairer England lift eyes
towards the Goal.

The London Chronicle